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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: A Sketch
of his Life. With portrait.

DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY. Translated by PROFESSOR
NORTON. With Notes. Vol. I. Hell. Vol. II.
Purgatory. Vol. III. Paradise.

DANTE'S THE NEW LIFE. Translated by PROFESSOR
NORTON.

NOTES OF TRAVEL AND STUDY IN ITALY.

Edited by Professor Norton

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A FRIEND, 1838-1853.

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HELL

THE DIVINE COMEDY
OF
DANTE ALIGHIERI.

TRANSLATED BY
CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

REVISED EDITION.

I.
HELL.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge

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vol. I

NOTE TO THE REVISED EDITION

IN the present edition of my translation I have corrected some errors and cleared up some obscurities which existed in it as first published, and I have made many minor changes in the order and rendering of words for the sake of greater fidelity to the original, or greater clearness of expression, or greater ease of diction. I have also added largely to the number of the notes.

In the work of revision, as originally in that of translation, I have sought assistance from the work of my predecessors in the same field, and I have not hesitated to borrow a felicitous word or phrase wherever I might find it.¹

I I am thus indebted to the translations in verse of the whole poem of my late friends Mr. Longfellow and Sir Frederick Pollock, and to the translations in prose of my friend the Hon. William Warren Vernon, and of Mr. A. J. Butler, and also to the prose version of the *Inferno* by the late Dr. John Carlyle, of the *Purgatorio* by Mr. W. S. Dugdale, and of the *Paradiso* by the Rev. P. H. Wicksteed. But this list comprises a very small part of the works to which I am under obligation alike in the text and in the notes.

iv NOTE TO THE REVISED EDITION

I have given, perhaps, as much time to the revision as to the original making of the translation. But a translator, in proportion to his competence, is likely to recognize the defects of his work, and now, as I look over the pages of my book, I feel the desire to subject them to a fresh revision. But it is too late; I cannot expect to do more hereafter for the improvement of my work, than, possibly, to give it some final thumbnail touches.

In looking back over life I am not sorry to have devoted much time to the study of Dante. It has been far more to me than merely an interesting literary occupation. It is especially associated in remembrance with two dear masters and friends, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and James Russell Lowell, and to their memory I dedicate these volumes.

SHADY HILL, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS,

1 October, 1901.

AIDS TO THE STUDY OF THE "DIVINE COMEDY"

THE following translation is intended primarily for two classes of readers : first, for those who, unable to read the *Divine Comedy* in the original, desire to obtain knowledge of its contents ; second, for those who, with more or less acquaintance with Italian, undertake to read the poem in its original tongue, and need help in its interpretation.

For both these classes the *Dante Dictionary*¹ of Mr. Paget Toynbee is of especial value. It contains the information, in concise and convenient form, which every student of Dante's works requires, and is in fact a universal comment of remarkable completeness and accuracy.

Beginners of the study of the *Divine Comedy* in Italian will find the *English Commentary*² by the Rev. H. F. Tozer of great service. It explains the form and meaning of words, and the

¹ *A Dictionary of Proper Names and Notable Matters in the Works of Dante.* By Paget Toynbee, M. A. Oxford, 1898.

² *An English Commentary on Dante's Divina Commedia.* By the Rev. H. F. Tozer, M. A. Oxford, 1901.

difficulties of construction, and gives the needed information in respect to the matter of the poem.

The Notes and Illustrations which accompany Mr. Longfellow's Translation form an admirable literary comment on the poem.

The essay on Dante by Mr. Lowell is the best general introduction for a mature reader to the life, times, and work of the poet.

With these books the beginner will find himself sufficiently equipped for the intelligent study of Dante. But as he advances in the study he will require others, among the most desirable of which are the following: —

Fay, Dr. E. A. *Concordance of the Divina Commedia*. Boston, 1888.

Moore, Rev. Dr. Edward. *Contributions to the Textual Criticism of the Divina Commedia*. Cambridge, 1889.

Moore, Rev. Dr. Edward. *Studies in Dante, First and Second Series*. Oxford, 1896 and 1899.

All of the works of Dr. Moore, the chief of living Dante scholars, are of exceptional importance and interest.

Vernon, The Hon^{ble} William Warren. *Readings on the Inferno, the Purgatorio, and the Paradiso of Dante*. London, 1894-1900. In six volumes.

These *Readings* consist of a Text, Translation and an elaborate and eminently useful Comment.

Gardner, Edmund G. *Dante's Ten Heavens. A Study of the Paradiso.* Westminster, 1898.

An interesting study of the interior meaning of the *Paradiso*.

Every Italian student should possess *Tutte le Opere di Dante Alighieri, nuovamente rivedute nel Testo, dal Dr. E. Moore*, published at Oxford by the University Press. This compact, carefully edited and admirably printed volume affords the present *textus receptus* of Dante's works. It should be generally adopted for purposes of reference. The advantage to the scholar is great in having all the works of Dante in a single volume, because of their close mutual relations and frequent mutual illustration.

There are numerous useful editions of the *Divine Comedy* with Italian notes. Two of the best are that of Casini and that of Scartazzini. The remarkable *Enciclopedia Dantesca*, in two volumes, of the last-named editor is at once a complete and elaborate vocabulary for Dante's Italian works, and a critical and explanatory dictionary of all that pertains to his life and writings. There is no other single book which contains so large an amount of informa-

tion indispensable to the student of Dante as these two volumes. They are a monument to the industry and learning of one of the most devoted scholars of the poet.

I will not attempt to furnish a list of works for the service of those who would become of the familiars of Dante. Their field of study is the *omne scibile*.

NOTE.

In the notes to the following version references to the *Summa Theologica* of St. Thomas Aquinas are indicated by the initials *S. T.*, followed by numerals designating the Part, the Question, and the Article referred to.

INTRODUCTION

EVERY fresh attempt at translating the *Divine Comedy* affords proof of Dante's assertion that "nothing harmonized by a musical bond can be transmuted from its own speech without losing all its sweetness and harmony." The coalescence of the music and the meaning of the verse, in the perfection of which the life of poetry consists, cannot be transferred from one tongue to another. A new harmony may be substituted, but the difference is fatal. The translation may have a life of its own, but it is not the life of the original.

No poem in any language displays a more indissoluble union of music and meaning, or is more informed with a rhythmic life of its own than the *Divine Comedy*. And yet, such is its extraordinary distinction, no poem has an intellectual and emotional substance more independent of its metrical form. Its complex structure and its elaborate rhyme, highly artificial as they are, are so mastered by the genius of the poet as to become the most natural expression of the spirit by which the poem is inspired; while at the same time the thought and sentiment em-

bodied in the verse is of such import, and the narrative of such interest, that they do not lose their worth when transferred to another tongue.

To preserve in its integrity what may be thus transferred, prose is a better medium than verse; and it was because of my conviction to this effect that I undertook this translation, in which my aim has been to follow the words of Dante as closely as our English idiom allows, and thus to give to the reader the substance of the poem as little altered as possible.

There are, indeed, many passages in it which require explanation or illustration for Italian, and, even more, for English readers. To these I have supplied footnotes, generally brief. But I have desired to avoid distracting attention from the direct narrative, and have mainly left the understanding and appreciation of it to the intelligence and imagination of the reader.

A far deeper-lying and more pervading source of imperfect comprehension of the poem than any difficulty of construction, obscurity of argument, or remoteness of allusion exists in the double meaning that runs through it. The account of the poet's spiritual journey is so vivid and consistent that it has all the reality of an account of an actual experience; but within and beneath runs a stream of allegory not less consistent and hardly less continuous

than the narrative itself. To the illustration and carrying out of this interior meaning even the minutest details of external incident are often made to contribute, with an appropriateness of significance, and with a freedom from forced interpretation such as no other writer of allegory has succeeded in attaining. The poem may be read with interest as a record of experience with little attention to its inner meaning, but its full interest is only felt when this inner meaning is traced, and the moral significance of the incidents of the story apprehended by the alert intelligence. The allegory is the soul of the poem, — that is, in scholastic phrase, the form of its body, giving to it its special individuality.

Thus in order truly to understand and rightly appreciate the poem the reader must continually seek the inner meaning of its story. "Taken literally," as Dante declares in his Letter to Can Grande, "the subject is the state of the soul after death, simply considered. But allegorically taken, its subject is man, according as by his good or ill deserts he renders himself liable to the reward or punishment of Justice." It is the allegory of human life; and not of human life as an abstraction, but of the individual life; and herein, as Mr. Lowell has said, "lie its profound meaning and its permanent

force." And herein, too, lie its perennial freshness of interest and the actuality which makes it contemporaneous with every successive generation. The increase of knowledge, the loss of belief in doctrines that were fundamental in Dante's creed, the changes in the order of society, the new thoughts of the world, have not lessened the moral import of the poem, any more than they have lessened its excellence as a work of art. Its real substance is as independent as its artistic beauty, of science, of creed, and of institutions. Human nature does not change from age to age; the motives of action remain the same, though their relative force and the desires and ideals by which they are inspired vary from generation to generation. And thus it is that the moral judgments of a great poet whose imagination penetrates to the core of things, and who, from his very nature as poet, conceives and sets forth the issues of life not in a treatise of abstract morality, but by means of sensible types and images, never lose interest, and have a perpetual contemporaneity. They deal with the permanent and unalterable elements of the soul of man.

The scene of the poem is the spiritual world, of which we are members even while still denizens in the world of time. In the spiritual world the results of sin or perverted love, and

of virtue or right love, in this life of probation, are manifest. The life to come is but the fulfilment of the life that now is.

The allegory in which Dante cloaked this truth is of a character that distinguishes the *Divine Comedy* from all other works of similar intent. In *The Pilgrim's Progress*, for example, the personages are types of moral qualities or religious dispositions, mere simulacra of men and women. They are abstractions which the genius of Bunyan fails to inform with vitality sufficient to kindle the imagination of the reader with a sense of their actual, living and breathing existence. But in the *Divine Comedy* the personages are all from real life, they are men and women with their natural passions and emotions, and they are undergoing an actual experience. The allegory consists in making their characters and their fates, what all human characters and fates really are, the types and images of spiritual law. Virgil and Beatrice, whose natures as depicted in the poem make nearest approach to purely abstract and typical existence, are always consistently presented as living individuals, exalted indeed in wisdom and power, but with hardly less definite and concrete humanity than that of Dante himself.

The scheme of the created Universe held by the Christians of the Middle Ages was compar-

atively simple, and so definite that Dante, in accepting it in its main features without modification, was provided with the limited stage requisite for his design, and of which the general disposition was familiar to all his readers. The three spiritual realms had their local bounds marked out as clearly as those of the earth itself. Their cosmography was but an extension of the largely hypothetical geography of the time.

The Earth was supposed to be the centre of the Universe, and its northern hemisphere was the abode of man. At the middle point of this hemisphere stood Jerusalem, equidistant from the Pillars of Hercules on the west, and the Ganges on the east.

Within the body of this hemisphere was Hell, shaped as a vast hollow cone, of which the apex was the centre of the globe; and here, according to Dante, was the seat of Lucifer. The concave of Hell had been formed by his fall, when a portion of the solid earth, through fear of him, ran back to the southern uninhabited hemisphere, and formed there, directly antipodal to Jerusalem, the mountain of Purgatory, which rose a solid cone from the waste of waters that covered this half of the globe, and at its summit was the Terrestrial Paradise.

Immediately surrounding the atmosphere of

the Earth was the sphere of elemental fire. Around this was the Heaven of the Moon, and encircling this, in succession, were the Heavens of Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jove, Saturn, the Fixed Stars, and the Crystalline or First Moving Heaven. These nine concentric Heavens revolved continually around the Earth, and in proportion to their distance from it was the greater swiftness of each. Encircling all was the Empyrean, increate, incorporeal, motionless, unbounded in time or space, the proper seat of God, the home of the Angels, the abode of the Elect.

The Angelic Hierarchy consisted of nine orders, corresponding to the nine moving Heavens. Their blessedness and the swiftness of the motion with which in unending delight they circled around God were in proportion to their nearness to Him,—first the Seraphs, then in succession the Cherubs, Thrones, Dominations, Virtues, Powers, Princes, Archangels, and Angels. Through them, under the general name of Intelligences, the Divine influence was transmitted to the Heavens, giving to these their circular motion, which was the expression of their longing to be united with the source of their creation. The Heavens in their turn streamed down upon the Earth the Divine influence thus distributed among them,

in constantly varying proportion and power, producing divers effects in the generation and corruption of material things, and in the dispositions and the lives of men.

Such was the accepted general scheme of the Universe. The intention of God in its creation was to communicate of His perfection to the creatures endowed with souls, that is, to men and to angels, and the proper end of every such creature was to seek its own perfection in likeness to the Divine. This end was attained through that knowledge of God of which the soul was capable, and through love which was in proportion to knowledge. Virtue depended on the free will of man; it was the good use of that will directed to a right object of love. Two lights were given to the soul for guidance of the will: the light of reason for natural things and for the direction of the will to moral virtue; the light of grace for things supernatural, and for the direction of the will to spiritual virtue. Sin was the opposite of virtue, the choice by the will of false objects of love; it involved the misuse of reason and the absence of grace. As the end of virtue was blessedness, so the end of sin was misery.

The corner-stone of Dante's moral system was the Freedom of the Will; in other words, the right of private judgment with the condition

of accountability. This is the liberty which Dante, that is, man, goes seeking in his journey through the spiritual world. This liberty is to be attained through the right use of reason, illuminated by Divine Grace; it consists in the perfect accord of the will of man with the will of God.

With this view of the nature and end of man Dante's conception of the history of the race could not be other than that its course was providentially ordered. The fall of man had made him a just object of the vengeance of God; but the elect were to be redeemed, and for their redemption the history of the world from the beginning was directed. Not only in His dealings with the Jews, but in His dealings with the heathen was God preparing for the reconciliation to Himself of man, to be finally accomplished in his sacrifice of Himself for them. The Roman Empire was foreordained and established for this end. It was to prepare the way for the establishment of the Roman Church. It was the appointed instrument for the political government of men. Empire and Church were alike divine institutions for the guidance of man on earth.

The aim of Dante in the *Divine Comedy* was to set forth these truths in such wise as to affect the imaginations and touch the hearts of men,

so that they should turn to righteousness. His conviction of these truths was no mere matter of belief; it had the ardor and certainty of faith. They had appeared to him in all their fulness as a revelation of the Divine wisdom. It was his work as poet, as poet with a Divine commission, to make this revelation known. His work was a work of faith; it was sacred; to it both Heaven and Earth had set their hands.

To this work, as I have said, the definiteness and the limits of the generally accepted theory of the Universe gave the required frame. The very narrowness of this scheme made Dante's design practicable. He had had the experience of a man on earth. He had been lured by false objects of desire from the pursuit of the true good. But Divine Grace, in the form of Beatrice, who had when alive on earth led him aright, now intervened and sent to his aid Virgil, who, as the type of Human Reason, should bring him safe through Hell, showing to him the eternal consequences of sin, and then should conduct him, penitent, up the height of Purgatory, till on its summit, in the Earthly Paradise, Beatrice herself should appear once more to him. Thence she, as the type of that knowledge from which comes the love of the Divine Being, should lead him through the Heavens up to the Empyrean, to the consummation of his course in the actual vision of God.

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HELL

CANTO I

Dante, astray in a wood, reaches the foot of a hill which he begins to ascend; he is hindered by three beasts; he turns back and is met by Virgil, who proposes to guide him into the eternal world.

MIDWAY upon the journey of our life I found myself in a dark wood, where the right way was lost.¹ Ah! how hard a thing it is to tell what this wild and rough and difficult wood was, which in thought renews my fear! So bitter is it that death is little more. But in order to treat of the good that I found in it, I will tell of the other things that I saw there.

I cannot well report how I entered it, so full was I of slumber at that moment when I abandoned the true way. But after I had reached the foot of a hill,² where that valley ended which

1. v. 3. The action of the poem begins on the night before Good Friday of the year 1300, as we learn from Canto xxi. 112-114. Dante was thirty-five years old, midway on the road of life, or, as he says in the *Convito*, iv. 24, 30, at "the summit of the arch of life." The dark wood is the forest of the world of sense, "the erroneous wood of this life" (Id. l. 124), that is, the wood in which man loses his way.

2. v. 13. The hill is the type of the true course of life,

had pierced my heart with fear, I looked upward, and saw its shoulders clothed already with the rays of the planet³ which leads man aright along every path. Then was the fear a little quieted which had lasted in the lake of my heart through the night that I had passed so piteously. And even as one who with spent breath, issued forth from the sea upon the shore, turns to the perilous water and gazes, so did my mind, which still was flying, turn back to look again upon the pass which never left person alive.⁴

After I had rested a little my weary body, I again took my way along the desert slope,⁵ so that the firm foot was always the lower. And lo! almost at the beginning of the steep a she-leopard,⁶ light and very nimble, which was opposed to the false course in the wood of the valley. The man conscious of having lost his moral way, alarmed for his soul, seeks to escape from the sin and cares in which he is involved, by ascending the hill of virtue whose summit is "lighted by dayspring from on high."

3. v. 17. According to the Ptolemaic system the sun was a planet.

4. v. 27. The pass is the dangerous road through the dark wood, "the end whereof are the ways of death," for he who walks therein is "dead in trespasses and sins."

5. v. 29. Desert, because "narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." *Matthew* vii. 14.

6. v. 32. The leopard is the type of the temptations of the flesh, the pleasures of sense with their fair, varied outside seeming.

covered with a spotted coat. And she did not withdraw from before my face, nay, hindered so my road that I often turned to go back.

The time was the beginning of the morning, and the Sun was mounting up with those stars that were with him when the Love Divine first set in motion those beautiful things;⁷ so that the hour of the time and the sweet season were occasion to me of good hope concerning that wild beast with the dappled skin; but not so that the sight which appeared to me of a lion⁸ did not give me fear. He appeared to be coming against me, with his head high and with ravening hunger, so that it appeared that the air was affrighted at him; and a she-wolf,⁹ which in her

7. v. 40. It was a common belief, which existed from early Christian times, that the Spring was the season of the Creation. By the Julian Calendar, March 25th was the date of the Vernal Equinox, and it was assumed that on this day the Sun was created and placed in the sign of the Zodiac, Aries, to begin his course. The same date was assigned to the Annunciation and to the Crucifixion. March 25th was thus what may be called the ideal Good Friday. But in the year 1300 the actual Good Friday fell on April 8th. This is the date which Dante, following the calendar of the Church, adopted for that of his journey. The sun was rising on the morning of Good Friday, when Dante began his attempt to ascend the hill.

8. v. 47. The lion is the type of pride, the disposition which is the root of the sins of violence.

9. v. 49. The wolf is the type of avarice, that covetous.

leanness seemed laden with all cravings, and ere now had made many folk to live forlorn, — she brought on me so much heaviness, with the fear that came from sight of her, that I lost hope of the height. And such as is he who gains willingly, and the time arrives which makes him lose, so that in all his thoughts he laments and is sad, such did the beast without peace make me, which, coming on against me, was pushing me back, little by little, thither where the Sun is silent.

While I was falling back to the low place, one who appeared faint-voiced through long silence presented himself before my eyes. When I saw him in the great desert, “Have pity on me!” I cried to him, “whatso thou be, whether shade or real man.” He answered me: “Not man; man once I was, and my

ness of earthly goods which turns the heart from seeking the goods of heaven, and is the main source of sins of fraud.

The imagery of these three beasts seems to have been suggested by *Jeremiah* v. 6. “A lion out of the forest shall slay them, and a wolf of the evenings shall spoil them, a leopard shall watch over their cities.”

These three beasts, which hinder the progress of him who would ascend the hill of virtue, correspond with the triple division of sins into those of incontinence, of violence, and of fraud which Virgil makes in the eleventh Canto, according to which the sinners in Hell are divided into three main classes.

parents were Lombards, and both Mantuans by country. I was born *sub Julio*, though late,¹⁰ and I lived at Rome under the good Augustus, at the time of the false and lying gods. I was a poet, and sang of that just son of Anchises¹¹ who came from Troy, after proud Ilion had been burned. But thou, why dost thou return to such great annoy? Why dost thou not ascend the delectable mountain which is the source and cause of all joy?" "Art thou then that Virgil and that fount which pours forth so broad a stream of speech?" replied I with bashful front to him: "O honor and light of the other poets! may the long study avail me and the great love, which have made me search thy volume! Thou art my master and my author;¹² thou alone art he from whom I took the fair style that has done me honor. Behold the beast because of which

10. v. 70. Virgil was twenty-five years old at the time of Caesar's death, B. C. 44.

11. v. 73. "Aeneas, than whom none was more just." *Aeneid*, I. 544.

12. v. 85. In the *Convito* Dante says that the word *autore*, here translated "author," has a double origin and meaning. According to the one, it signifies only the poets who practice the art of the Muses; according to the other, it means "every one worthy of being believed and obeyed," and from this is derived the word *Authority*. *Conv.* IV. 6. 14-49.

I turned ; help me against her, famous sage, for she makes my veins and pulses tremble.” “It behoves thee to hold another course,” he replied, when he saw me weeping, “if thou wouldst escape from this savage place ; for this beast, because of which thou criest out, lets not any one pass along her way, but so hinders him that she kills him ; and she has a nature so malign and evil that she never sates her greedy will, and after food has more hunger than before. Many are the animals with which she wives, and there shall be more yet, until the hound¹³ shall come that will make her die of grief. He shall not feed on land or pelf,¹⁴ but wisdom and love and valor, and his birthplace shall be between Feltro and Feltro.¹⁵ Of that low Italy shall he be the salvation, for which the virgin Camilla died, and Euryalus, Turnus and Nisus of their wounds.¹⁶ He shall hunt

13. v. 101. After centuries of controversy, it is still doubtful of whom the hound is the symbol.

14. v. 103. Literally, “he shall not feed on land or pewter.” The word *peltro*, pewter, is a rhyme-word, used in a forced meaning, perhaps analogous to our colloquial, vulgar use of “tin.”

15. v. 105. No satisfactory explanation has been given of the meaning of “between Feltro and Feltro.”

16. v. 108. Camilla and Turnus died for Italy fighting against the Trojans, Euryalus and Nisus died on the Trojan side. Virgil commemorates them all in the Aeneid.

her through every town till he shall have put her back again in Hell, there whence envy¹⁷ first sent her forth. Wherefore I think and deem it for thy best that thou follow me, and I will be thy guide, and will lead thee hence through the eternal place where thou shalt hear the despairing shrieks, shalt see the ancient spirits woeful who each proclaim the second death.¹⁸ And then thou shalt see those who are contented in the fire,¹⁹ because they hope to come, whenever it may be, to the blessed folk; to whom if thou wouldst then ascend, there shall be a soul²⁰ more worthy than I for

17. v. 111. "The devil seeing that man through obedience might ascend whence he through pride had fallen, envied him; and he who first through pride had been the devil, that is the fallen one, became through envy Satan, that is the adversary." Petri Lombardi, *Sententie*, II. 21.

18. v. 117. That is, who each by their misery proclaim the torments of the second death. The appellation of "the second death," given to the sufferings endured by the sinners in Hell, is derived from *Revelation* xx. 10, 14; xxi. 8. "The souls of the good separated from the body by death are at rest; but those of the wicked suffer punishment; and the bodies of the good live again in eternal life, while those of the wicked revive for eternal death, which is called the second death." S. Augustine, *De Civitate Dei*, XIII. 8.

19. v. 118. "Contented in the fire," that is, contented in the purifying pains of Purgatory, by which they are made fit for Paradise.

20. v. 121. Beatrice.

that. With her I will leave thee at my departure; for that Emperor who reigns thereabove wills not, because I was rebellious²¹ to His law, that through me any one should come into His city. In all parts He governs and there He reigns: there is His city and His lofty seat. O happy the man whom thereto He elects!" And I to him: "Poet, I beseech thee by that God whom thou didst not know, in order that I may escape this ill and worse, that thou lead me thither where thou now hast said, so that I may see the gate of St. Peter,²² and those whom thou reportest so afflicted."

Then he moved on, and I held behind him.

21. v. 125. Not actively rebellious, but "one who did not duly worship God." See Canto iv. 36.

22. v. 134. The gate of St. Peter is the gate of Purgatory, which is unlocked by the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven that Christ gave to Peter. See *Purgatory*, Canto ix. 127. Whoever passes through this gate is admitted to that Kingdom.

CANTO II

Dante, doubtful of his own powers, is discouraged at the outset.—Virgil cheers him by telling him that he has been sent to his aid by a blessed Spirit from Heaven, who revealed herself as Beatrice.—Dante casts off fear, and the poets proceed.

THE day was going, and the dusky air was taking the living things that are on earth from their fatigues, and I alone was preparing to sustain the war alike of the journey and of the woe, which my memory that errs not shall retrace.

> Dante.
retells
his story

O Muses, O lofty genius, now assist me!
O memory that didst inscribe that which I saw,
here shall thy nobility appear!

I began:—

start
✓

“Poet, who guidest me, consider my power,
if it be sufficient, before thou trust me to the
deep pass. Thou sayest¹ that the parent of
Silvius while still corruptible went to the im-
mortal world and was there in the body; and
truly if the Adversary of every ill was courteous
to him, it seems not unmeet to the man of

1. v. 13. In the sixth book of the *Aeneid*.

understanding, thinking on the high effect that should proceed from him, and on the who and the what²; for in the empyrean heaven he was chosen for father of revered Rome and of her empire; both which (would one say truth) were ordained for the holy place³ where the successor of the greater Peter has his seat. Through this going, whereof thou givest him vaunt, he learned things which were the cause of his victory and of the papal mantle. Afterward the Chosen Vessel⁴ went thither to bring thence comfort to that faith which is the beginning of the way of salvation. But I, why go I thither? or who concedes it? I am not Aeneas, I am not Paul; neither I nor others believe me worthy of this; wherefore if I yield myself to go, I fear lest the going may be mad. Thou art wise, thou understandest better than I speak."

2. v. 18. It is not strange that God was thus gracious to him, since he was the Father of the Roman people (the Who), and founder of the Roman empire (the What).

3. v. 23. Rome as well as Jerusalem was a holy city, the Empire as well as the Church a divine institution. All profane no less than all sacred history was the divinely ordered course of events leading up to the Incarnation and Redemption. See *Il Convito*, iv. 5, and *De Monarchia*, ii. 4 and 5.

4. v. 28. St. Paul. See *Acts* ix. 15, and *2 Corinthians* xii. 1-4.

And as is he who unwills what he willed, and by reason of new thoughts changes his purpose, so that he withdraws wholly from what he had begun, such I became on that dark hill-side: because in my thought I abandoned the enterprise which had been so hasty in its beginning.

"If I have rightly understood thy speech," replied that shade of the magnanimous one, "thy soul is hurt by cowardice, which oftentimes encumbers a man so that it turns him back from honorable enterprise, as false seeing does a beast when it shies. In order that thou loose thee from this fear I will tell thee why I came, and what I heard at the first moment that I grieved for thee. I was among those who are suspended,⁵ and a Lady blessed and beautiful called me, such that I besought her to command. Her eyes were more shining than the star, and she began to say to me sweet and clear, with angelic voice, in her speech: 'O courteous Mantuan soul! of whom the fame yet lasts in the world, and shall last so long as motion continues,⁶ my friend, and not of fortune, is so hindered on his road upon the

5. v. 52. In Limbo, neither in the proper Hell nor in Heaven.

6. v. 60. That is: so long as time shall last. "Time is the reckoning of the motion of the heavens." *Il Convito*, iv. 2, 49.

virgil
respov

why v
is help

Beatric

desert hillside that he has turned for fear, and I am afraid, through that which I have heard of him in heaven, lest he be already so astray that I may have risen late to his succor. Now do thou move, and with thy ornate speech and with whatever is needful for his deliverance, assist him so that I may be consoled thereby. I am Beatrice who make thee go. I come from a place whither I desire to return. Love moved me, that makes me speak. When I shall be before my Lord, I will often praise thee to Him.' Then she was silent, and thereon I began: 'O Lady of Virtue! through whom alone the human race excels all contained within that heaven which has the smallest circles,' thy command so pleases me that to obey it, were it already done, were slow to me. There is no need for thee further to open to me thy will; but tell me the reason why thou dost not beware of descending down here into this centre, from the ample place⁸ whither thou burnest to return.' 'Since thou wishest to know so inwardly, I will tell thee briefly,' she replied to me,

7. v. 78. The heaven of the moon, the innermost of the nine revolving heavens, the nearest to the earth. Through Beatrice, as symbol of the knowledge of the things of God revealed to man, and by reason of man's capacity to receive the revelation, the human race is exalted above all other created things save the angels alone.

8. v. 84. The Empyrean.

‘wherefore I fear not to come here within. One need be afraid only of those things that have power to do one harm, of others not, for they are not fearful. I am made by God, thanks be to Him, such that your misery touches me not,⁹ nor does the flame of this burning assail me. A gentle Lady¹⁰ is in heaven who feels compassion for this hindrance whereto I send thee, so that she breaks stern judgment there above. She summoned Lucia¹¹ in her request, and said, “Thy faithful one now has need of thee, and I commend him to thee.” Lucia, the foe of every cruel one, moved and came to the place where I was, seated with the ancient Rachel.¹² She said, “Beatrice, true praise of

v. 40

Virgin Mary

9. v. 92. “The blessed in glory will have no compassion for the damned, . . . for it would impugn the justice of God.” *S. T. Suppl.* xciv. 2.

10. v. 94. The Virgin Mary, the fount of mercy, never spoken of by name in Hell.

11. v. 100. Whether any real person is intended by Lucia is doubtful, but as an allegorical figure she is the symbol, as her name indicates, of illuminating Grace.

12. v. 102. Rachel was adopted by the Church, from a very early period, as the type of the contemplative life, that life in which the soul withdrawing itself from earthly concerns, and devoting itself to the consideration of the things of God, attains to heights above the reach of reason, and has a foretaste of the felicity of heaven. The place of Beatrice, the type of instruction in the divine mysteries, is therefore rightly at the side of Rachel.

God, why dost thou not succor him who so loved thee that for thee he came forth from the vulgar throng? Dost thou not hear the pity of his plaint? Dost thou not see the death that combats him on the stream where the sea has no vaunt?"¹³ Never were persons in the world swift to do their good, or to fly their harm, as I, after these words were uttered, came down here from my blessed seat, putting my trust in thy upright speech, which honors thee and them who have heard it.' After she had said this to me, weeping she turned her lucent eyes, whereby she made me more quick to come. And I came to thee thus as she willed. I withdrew thee from before that wild beast which took from thee the short way on the beautiful mountain. What is it then? Why, why dost thou hold back? why dost thou harbor such cowardice in thy heart? why hast thou not daring and assurance, since three such blessed Ladies care for thee in the court of Heaven, and my speech pledges thee such good?"

As the flowerets, bent and closed by the chill of night, when the sun brightens them erect themselves all open on their stem, so I became

13. v. 108. Dost thou not see him in danger of death from the sins that assail him in the flood of human life, a flood more stormy with passion and darker with evil than the ocean with its tempests?

with my drooping courage, and such good daring ran to my heart that I began like a person enfreed: "O compassionate she who succored me, and courteous thou who didst speedily obey the true words that she addressed to thee! Thou by thy words hast so disposed my heart with desire of going, that I have returned to my first intent. Now go, for one sole will is in us both: thou leader, thou lord, and thou master." Thus I said to him; and when he moved on, I entered along the deep and savage road.

Dante's
response
~

CANTO III

The gate of Hell. — Virgil leads Dante in. — The punishment of those who had lived without infamy and without praise. — Acheron, and the sinners on its bank. — Charon. — Earthquake. — Dante swoons.

“THROUGH me is the way into the woeful city; through me is the way into the eternal woe; through me is the way among the lost people. Justice moved my lofty maker: the divine Power, the supreme Wisdom and the primal Love made me. Before me were no things created, save eternal, and I eternal last. Leave every hope, ye who enter!”¹

These words of obscure color I saw written at the top of a gate; whereat I: “Master, their meaning is dire to me.”

And he to me, like a person well advised: “Here it behoves to leave every fear; it be-

1. v. 8. “Creation,” says St. Thomas Aquinas, “is the joint act of the whole Trinity.” *S. T.* i. 45. 6. This is indicated in these verses by the enumeration of the attributes ascribed respectively to the three persons of the Trinity, according to the common teaching of the doctors of the Church. *Id.* i. 39. 8.

hoves that all cowardice should here be dead. We have come to the place where I have told thee that thou shalt see the woeful people, who have lost the good of the understanding.”²

And when he had put his hand on mine with a cheerful look, wherefrom I took courage, he brought me within to the secret things. Here sighs, laments, and deep wailings were resounding through the starless air; wherefore at first I wept thereat. Strange tongues, horrible utterances, words of woe, accents of anger, voices high and faint, and sounds of hands with them, were making a tumult which whirls always in that air forever dark, like the sand when the whirlwind breathes.

And I, who had my head girt with horror, said: “Master, what is that which I hear? and what folk is it that seems so overcome with its woe?”

And he to me: “The wretched souls of those who lived without infamy and without praise maintain this miserable mode. They are mingled with that caitiff choir of the angels, who were not rebels, nor were faithful to God, but were for themselves.”³ The heavens chased

2. v. 18. The ultimate end and felicity of human life is to see God and the truth in him (*S. T. Suppl.* xcii. 1); this is the supreme good of the understanding.

3. v. 39. This class of angels seems to have been an invention of the poet's.

The
uncommon
is the
good!

them out in order to be not less beautiful, nor does the deep Hell receive them, for the damned would have some boast of them."

And I: "Master, what is so grievous to them, that makes them lament so bitterly?"

He answered: "I will tell thee very briefly. *These* have not hope of death; and their blind life is so debased, that they are envious of every other lot. Fame of them the world permits not to be; mercy and justice disdain them. Let us not speak of them, but do thou look and pass on."

And I, who was gazing, saw a banner, which, whirling, ran so swiftly that it seemed to me disdainful of any pause, and behind it came so long a train of folk, that I should never have believed death had undone so many. After I had recognized some among them, I saw and knew the shade of him who made, through cowardice, the great refusal.⁴ At once I understood and was certain, that this was the sect of the caitiffs displeasing to God and to his enemies. These wretches, who never were alive, were naked, and much stung by gad-flies

4. v. 60. By him "who made the great refusal" is probably intended Pope Celestine V., who, after having held the papacy for five months in 1294, abdicated. His successor, Boniface VIII., Dante's great enemy, put Celestine in prison, where he died in 1296.

and by wasps that were there; these streaked their faces with blood, which, mingled with tears, was gathered at their feet by loathsome worms.

And when I gave myself to looking onward, I saw people on the bank of a great river; wherefore I said: "Master, now grant to me that I may know who these are, and what rule makes them appear so ready to pass over, as I discern through the faint light." And he to me: "The things will be clear to thee, when we shall stay our steps on the sad shore of Acheron." Then with eyes ashamed and down-cast, fearing lest my speech might be troublesome to him, far as to the river I refrained from speaking.

And behold! coming toward us in a boat, an old man, white with ancient hair, crying: "Woe to you, wicked souls! hope not ever to see the Heavens! I come to carry you to the other bank, into the eternal darkness, into heat and into frost. And thou who art there, living soul, depart from these that are dead." But when he saw that I did not depart, he said: "By another way, by other ports thou shalt come to the shore, not here, for passage; a lighter bark must carry thee."⁵

5. v. 93. The boat that bears the souls of the redeemed to Purgatory. Charon recognizes that Dante is not among

And my Leader to him : "Charon, vex not thyself; it is thus willed there where is power for that which is willed; and ask no more." Thereon were quiet the fleecy jaws of the ferryman of the livid marsh, who round about his eyes had wheels of flame.

But those souls, who were weary and naked, changed color and gnashed their teeth, soon as they heard his cruel words. They blasphemed God and their parents, the human race, the place, the time and the seed of their sowing and of their birth. Then, all of them bitterly weeping, drew together to the evil bank, which awaits every man who fears not God. Charon the demon, with eyes of glowing coal, beckoning to them, collects them all; he beats with his oar whoever lingers.

As in autumn the leaves depart one after the other, until the bough sees all its spoils upon the earth, in like wise the evil seed of Adam throw themselves from that shore one by one, at signals, as the bird at his recall. Thus they go over the dusky wave, and before they have

the damned. The gods and other personages of heathen mythology were held by the Church to have been demons who had a real existence; they were adopted into the Christian mythology, and hence appear with entire propriety as characters in Hell. Charon and other beings of this order were familiar to the readers of the sixth book of the *Aeneid*.

landed on the farther side, already on this a new throng is assembled.

“My son,” said the courteous Master, “those who die in the wrath of God, all come together here from every land ; and they are eager to pass over the stream, for the divine justice spurs them so that fear is turned to desire. A good soul never passes this way ; and therefore if Charon fret at thee, well mayest thou now know what his speech signifies.”

This ended, the gloomy plain trembled so mightily, that the memory of the terror even now bathes me with sweat. The tearful land gave forth a wind that flashed a crimson light which vanquished all sensation in me, and I fell as a man whom slumber seizes.

faints,
crosses
river

CANTO IV

The further side of Acheron.—Virgil leads Dante into Limbo, the First Circle of Hell, containing the spirits of those who lived virtuously but without faith in Christ.—Greeting of Virgil by his fellow poets.—They enter a castle, where are the shades of ancient worthies.—After seeing them Virgil and Dante depart.

A HEAVY thunder broke the deep sleep in my head, so that I started up like a person who is waked by force, and, risen erect, I moved my rested eye round about, and looked fixedly to distinguish the place where I was. True it is, that I found myself on the brink of the woeful valley of the abyss which collects a thunder of infinite wailings. It was so dark, deep, and cloudy, that, though I fixed my sight on the depth, I did not discern anything there.

“Now let us descend here below into the blind world,” began the Poet all deadly pale, “I will be first, and thou shalt be second.”

And I, who had observed his color, said : “How shall I come, if thou fearest, who art wont to be the comfort to my doubting?” And he to me : “The anguish of the folk who

are here below paints on my face that pity which thou takest for fear. Let us go on, for the long way urges us."

Thus he placed himself,¹ and thus he made me enter into the first circle² that girds the abyss. Here, as one listened, there was no lamentation but that of sighs which made the eternal air to tremble; this came of the woe without torments felt by the crowds, which were many and great, of infants and of women and of men.

The good Master to me: "Thou dost not ask what spirits are these that thou seest. Now I would have thee know, before thou goest farther, that these did not sin; and though they have merits it suffices not, because they did not have baptism,³ which is part of the faith that thou believest; and if they were before Christianity, they did not duly worship God: and of such as these am I myself. For such defects, and not for other guilt, are we lost, and only so far harmed that without hope we live in desire."

1. v. 23. In the lead, in front of Dante.

2. v. 24. The Limbo (Lat. *limbus*, edge, hem, border).

3. v. 35. Such merit as they might have could not secure salvation for them, for only he who receives baptism becomes a member of Christ, and through His merits is freed alike from the fault and from the penalty of original sin.

Great woe seized me at my heart when I heard him, because I knew that people of much worth were suspended in that limbo. "Tell me, my Master, tell me, Lord," I began, with wish to be assured of that faith which vanquishes every error,⁴ "did ever any one who afterwards was blessed go forth from here, either by his own or by another's merit?" *can new save* And he, who understood my covert speech, answered: "I was new in this state⁵ when I saw a Mighty One come hither crowned with sign of victory. He drew out hence the shade of the first parent, of Abel his son, and that of Noah, of Moses the law-giver and obedient, Abraham the patriarch, and David the King, *rest* Israel with his father and with his offspring, and with Rachel, for whom he did so much, and many others; and He made them blessed: and I would have thee know that before these, human spirits were not saved."⁶

4. v. 48. Wishing especially to be assured in regard to the descent of Christ into Hell.

5. v. 52. Virgil died B. C. 19.

6. v. 62. The sin of Adam infected all his descendants with the offence of original sin, and subjected them to its eternal punishment, from which none could be saved except by faith in Christ. Adam and the fathers of the chosen people had held implicitly the faith in Christ to come, but they were excluded from the life of glory, until the redemption of the human race by the passion of Christ. After his passion he descended into Hell, to deliver them. (*S. T.* iii. 52. 5.)

We ceased not going on because he spoke, but all the while were passing through the wood, the wood, I mean, of crowded spirits; nor yet had our way been long from the place of my slumber, when I saw a fire, which overcame a hemisphere of darkness.⁷ We were still a little distant from it, yet not so far but that I could in part discern that honorable folk possessed that place. "O thou who honorest both science and art, who are these, who have such honor that it separates them from the manner of the others?" And he to me: "The honorable renown of them which sounds above in thy life wins grace in heaven which thus advances them." At this a voice was heard by me: "Honor the loftiest Poet! his shade returns which had departed." When the voice had stopped and was quiet, I saw four great shades coming to us; they had a semblance neither sad nor glad. The good Master *poets* began to say: "Look at him with that sword in hand who comes before the three, even as lord; he is Homer, the sovereign poet; the next who comes is Horace, the satirist; Ovid is the third, and the last is Lucan. Since each shares with me the name which the single voice sounded, they do me honor, and in that do well."

7. v. 69. The fire may be the symbol of the partial light afforded by philosophy to the virtuous heathen, whose abode the poets are approaching.

Thus I saw assembled the fair school of that Lord of the loftiest song who soars above the others like an eagle. After they had discoursed somewhat together, they turned to me with sign of salutation; and my Master smiled thereat. And far more of honor yet they did me, for they made me of their band, so that I was the sixth amid so much wisdom. Thus we went on as far as the light, speaking things concerning which silence is becoming, even as was speech there where I was.

We came to the foot of a noble castle, seven times circled by high walls,⁸ defended round about by a fair streamlet. This we passed as if hard ground; through seven gates⁹ I entered with these sages; we came to a meadow of fresh

8. v. 107. The castle is the symbol of the abode of Philosophy, or human wisdom unenlightened by revelation; its seven high walls may perhaps signify the four moral and three intellectual virtues, — prudence, temperance, fortitude and justice, understanding, knowledge and wisdom, all which could be attained by the virtuous heathen. (*S. T.* ii. 65. 2.)

9. v. 110. The seven gates may typify the seven liberal arts of the *Trivium* and the *Quadrivium*, by which names the courses of instruction in them were known in the schools of the Middle Ages. The *Trivium* included Grammar, Logic and Rhetoric; the *Quadrivium*, Music, Arithmetic, Geometry and Astronomy. The following rude mnemonic verses set forth their order and meaning:

Gram. loquitur, Dia. verba docet, Rhe. verba ministrat;
Mus. canit, Ar. numerat, Ge. ponderat, As. colit astra.

verdure. People were there with slow and grave eyes, of great authority in their looks; they spoke seldom, and with soft voices. Thereon we withdrew ourselves upon one side, into an open, luminous, and high place, so that they all could be seen. There before me upon the green enamel were shown to me the great spirits, whom for having seen I inwardly exalt myself.

I saw Electra with many companions, among whom I recognized Hector and Aeneas, Caesar in armor, with his gerfalcon eyes; I saw Camilla and Penthesilea, on the other side I saw the King Latinus, who was sitting with Lavinia his daughter. I saw that Brutus who drove out Tarquin; Lucretia, Julia, Marcia, and Cornelia; and alone, apart, I saw the Saladin. When I raised my brows a little more, I saw the Master of those who know,¹⁰ seated amid the philosophic family; all regard him, all do him honor. Here I saw Socrates and Plato, who in front of the others stand nearest to him; Democritus, who ascribes the world to chance; Diogenes, Anaxagoras, and Thales, Empedocles, Heraclitus, and Zeno; and I saw the good collector of the qualities, Dioscorides, I mean;¹¹ and I saw Orpheus, Tully, and Linus, and moral

10. v. 131. Aristotle.

11. v. 140. Dioscorides, a physician in Cilicia, of the first century A. D., who in his treatise *de materia medica* wrote of the qualities of plants.

Seneca, Euclid the geometer, and Ptolemy, Hippocrates, Avicenna, and Galen, and Averrhoës, who made the great comment.¹² I cannot report of all in full, because the long theme so drives me that many times the speech comes short of the fact.

The company of six is reduced to two. By another way the wise guide leads me out from the quiet into the air that trembles, and I come into a region where is nothing that can give light.

12. v. 144. The great comment on Aristotle.

SHADES IN SDC
greater to the entrance

CANTO V

*The Second Circle, that of Carnal Sinners. — Minos.
— Shades renowned of old. — Francesca da Rimini.*

1215
1811
THUS I descended from the first circle down into the second, which girdles less space, and so much more woe that it goads to wailing. There stands Minos horribly, and snarls; he examines the transgressions at the entrance; he judges, and he sends according as he entwines himself. I mean, that when the ill born soul comes there before him, it confesses itself wholly, and that discerner of the sins sees what place of Hell is for it; he girds himself with his tail so many times as the grades he wills that it be sent down. Always many of them stand before him; they go, in turn, each to the judgment; they speak and hear, and then are whirled below.

“O thou that comest to the woeful inn,” said Minos to me, when he saw me, leaving the act of so great an office, “beware how thou enterest, and to whom thou trustest thyself; let not the amplitude of the entrance deceive

thee." And my Leader to him : " Wherefore dost thou too cry out ?¹ Hinder not his fated going ; thus is it willed there where is power for that which is willed ; and ask no more."

Now the notes of woe begin to make themselves heard by me ; now I am come where much wailing smites me. I had come into a place mute of all light, that bellows as the sea does in a tempest, if it be combated by contrary winds. The infernal hurricane which never rests carries along the spirits with its rapine ; whirling and smiting it molests them.² When they arrive before its rush, here are the shrieks, the complaint, and the lamentation ; here they blaspheme the divine power. I understood that to such torment are condemned the carnal sinners who subject the reason to the appetite. And as their wings bear along the starlings in the cold season in a large and full troop, so did that blast the evil spirits ; hither, thither, down, up it carries them ; no hope ever comforts them, neither of repose, nor of less pain.

And as the cranes go singing their lays, making in air a long line of themselves, so I

1. v. 21. As Charon had done.

2. v. 33. The storm and darkness are symbols of the tempest of the passions. " Wherewithal a man sinneth, by the same also shall he be punished." *Wisdom of Solomon* xi. 16.

saw come, uttering wails, shades borne along by the aforesaid strife. Wherefore I said: "Master, who are these folk whom the black air so castigates?" "The first of those of whom thou wishest to have knowledge," said he to me then, "was empress of many tongues. She was so abandoned to the vice of luxury³ that lust she made licit in her law, to take away the blame into which she had been brought. She is Semiramis, of whom it is read that she succeeded Ninus and had been his wife; she held the land which the Sultan rules. That other is she⁴ who, for love, slew herself, and broke faith to the ashes of Sichaeus; next is Cleopatra, the luxurious. See Helen, for whom so long a time of ill revolved; and see the great Achilles, who fought to the end with love.⁵ See Paris, Tristan, —" and more than a thousand shades whom love had parted from our life he showed me, and, pointing to them, named to me.

3. v. 55. Luxury in the obsolete, Shakespearean sense of lasciviousness.

4. v. 61. Dido.

5. v. 66. According to the post-Homeric account of the death of Achilles, which was current in the Middle Ages, he was slain by Paris in the temple of Apollo in Troy, "whither he had been lured by the promise of a meeting with Polyxena, the daughter of Priam, with whom he was enamored."

After I had heard my Teacher name the dames of eld and the cavaliers, pity overcame me, and I was well nigh bewildered. I began : " Poet, willingly would I speak with those two that go together, and seem to be so light upon the wind." ⁶ And he to me : " Thou shalt see when they are nearer to us, and do thou then pray them by that love which leads them, and they will come." Soon as the wind sways them toward us, I lifted my voice : " O wearied souls, come to speak with us, if Another ⁷ deny it not."

As doves, called by desire, with wings open and steady, come through the air borne by their will to their sweet nest, these issued from the troop where Dido is, coming to us through the malign air, so strong was the compassionate cry.

" O living creature, gracious and benign, that goest through the black air visiting us who stained the world blood-red, if the King of the universe were a friend we would pray Him for

6. v. 75. These two are Francesca da Rimini, daughter of Guido Vecchio da Polenta, lord of Ravenna ; and her lover, Paolo, the brother of her husband, the son of Malatesta da Verrucchio, lord of Rimini. Their death, at the hands of her husband, took place about 1285.

7. v. 81. The name of God is never spoken by the spirits in Hell, save once, in blasphemous defiance, by Vanni Fucci (xxv. 3) ; nor by Dante in addressing them.

thy peace, since thou hast pity on our perverse ill. Of what it pleases thee to hear, and what to speak, we will hear and we will speak to you, while the wind, as now, is hushed for us. The city where I was born sits upon the sea-shore, where the Po, with his followers, descends to have peace. Love, which quickly lays hold on gentle heart, seized this one for the fair person that was taken from me, and the mode still hurts me. Love, which absolves no loved one from loving, seized me for the pleasing of him so strongly that, as thou seest, it does not even now abandon me. Love brought us to one death. Cain awaits him who quenched our life." These words were borne to us from them.

Soon as I had heard those injured souls I bowed my face, and held it down so long until the Poet said to me: "What art thou thinking?" When I replied, I began: "Alas! how many sweet thoughts, how great desire, led these unto the woeful pass." Then I turned me again to them, and spoke, and began: "Francesca, thy torments make me sad and piteous to weeping. But tell me, at the time of the sweet sighs, by what and how did love concede to thee to know thy dubious desires?" And she to me: "There is no greater woe than the remembering in misery the happy time, and

that thy Teacher knows.⁸ But if thou hast so great desire to know the first root of our love, I will do like one who weeps and tells.

“We were reading one day, for delight, of Lancelot, how love constrained him. We were alone and without any suspicion. Many times that reading urged our eyes, and took the color from our faces, but only one point was it that overcame us. When we read of the longed-for smile being kissed by such a lover, this one, who never shall be divided from me, kissed my mouth all trembling. Gallehaut was the book, and he who wrote it.⁹ That day we read no farther in it.”

While the one spirit said this, the other was so weeping that through pity I swooned as if I had been dying, and fell as a dead body falls.

8. v. 123. Thy Teacher who lives sorrowfully in Limbo without hope, but with memory of the life lighted by the Sun.

9. v. 137. In the Romance, it was Gallehaut that prevailed on Guenever to give a kiss to Lancelot.

CANTO VI

*The Third Circle, that of the Gluttonous. — Cerberus.
— Ciacco.*

AT the return of my mind, which had closed itself before the pity of these two kinsfolk, that wholly confounded me with sadness, I see around me new torments and new tormented souls wherever I move, and wherever I turn, and wherever I gaze.

I am in the third circle, that of the eternal, accursed, cold, and heavy rain: its rule and quality are never new. Coarse hail, and dark water, and snow pour down through the tenebrous air; the earth which receives them stinks. Cerberus, a cruel and strange beast, with three throats barks dogwise above the people that are here submerged. He has red eyes, a greasy and black beard, and a big belly, and paws armed with nails: he claws the spirits, bites, and rends them. The rain makes them howl like dogs; of one of their sides they make a screen for the other; the wretched profane ones¹ often turn themselves.

1. v. 21. Profane, because "their God is their belly."
Philippians iii. 19.

When Cerberus, the great worm, observed us, he opened his mouths, and showed his fangs to us ; not a limb had he that he held still. And my Leader opened wide his hands, took some earth, and with full fists threw it into his ravenous gullets. As is the dog that baying craves, and becomes quiet when he bites his food, and is intent and struggles only to devour it, such became those filthy faces of the demon Cerberus, who so thunders at the souls that they would fain be deaf.

We were passing over the shades whom the heavy rain subdues, and were setting our feet upon their vain show which seems a body. They all of them were lying on the ground, except one which raised itself to sit, soon as it saw us passing in front. "O thou who art led through this Hell," it said to me, "recognize me, if thou canst; thou wast made before I was unmade." And I to it: "The anguish which thou hast, perchance withdraws thee from my memory, so that it seems not that I ever saw thee. But tell me who thou art, that art set in a place so woeful, and with such a punishment, that if any other be greater, none is so displeasing." And he to me: "Thy city which is so full of envy that already the sack runs over, held me in it, in the bright life.² You,

2. v. 51. The life lighted by the sun; in contrast to this dark and dismal region of Hell.

citizens, called me Ciacco;³ for the pernicious fault of gluttony, as thou seest, I am broken by the rain: and I, wretched soul, am not alone, for all these endure like punishment for like fault:" and he spoke not a word more. I answered him: "Ciacco, thy distress so weighs upon me, that it invites me to weeping; but tell me, if thou knowest, to what will come the citizens of the divided city; if any one in it is just; and tell me the cause why such great discord has assailed it."

And he to me: "After long contention they will come to blood, and the sylvan party will chase out the other with much injury. Then afterwards within three suns⁴ it behoves that this shall fall, and the other surmount by means of the force of a certain one who just now is tacking. It will hold high its front long time, keeping the other under heavy weights, however it may lament and be shamed thereat. There are two just men, but they are not heeded there; Pride, Envy, and Avarice are

3. v. 52. Ciacco, an abbreviation of Jacopo, seems, in popular speech, to have been the term for *bog*. This Ciacco figures characteristically in one of the tales of the Decameron, (ix. 8), along with Filippo Argenti, whom we find in the fifth circle, and with Corso Donati, referred to in the twenty-fourth canto of the *Purgatory*.

4. v. 68. "Three suns," that is, three years.

the three sparks that have inflamed their hearts.”⁵ Here he made ending of the grievous sound.

And I to him: “I would that thou instruct me further, and that of more speech thou make a gift to me. Farinata and Tegghiaio who were so worthy, Jacopo Rusticucci, Arrigo, and Mosca, and the others who set their minds on well-doing, tell me where they are, and make me to know of them, for great desire urges me to learn if Heaven sweeten them, or Hell envenom them.”

And he: “They are among the blacker souls: different sin weighs them down toward the bottom; if thou descend so far, thou mayst see them. But when thou shalt be in the sweet world I pray thee that thou bring me to the memory of others: more I say not to thee,

5. v. 75. This prophecy relates to the dissensions and violence of the parties of the Whites and the Blacks by which Florence was rent. The “sylvan party” was that of the Whites, who were mainly Ghibellines. The significance of the term *selvaggia* “sylvan” is uncertain; it may mean ‘savage’ or simply ‘rustic.’ By the “one who just now is tacking” Dante probably refers to the Pope, Boniface VIII., who was playing fast and loose with both. Who the “two just men” were is unknown. The words were grievous to Dante not only because of their prophecy of ill to Florence, but because in the overthrow of the Whites his own fortunes were involved.

and more I answer thee not." Thereon he twisted his straight eyes awry, looked at me a little, and then bent his head, and fell with it level with the other blind.

And the Leader said to me: "He rouses up no more on this side the sound of the angelic trump. When the hostile Power shall come, each one will find again his dismal tomb, will resume his flesh and his shape, will hear that which through eternity reverberates."

Thus we passed along with slow steps through the foul mixture of the shades and of the rain, touching a little on the future life; wherefore I said: "Master, these torments will they increase after the great Sentence, or be less, or will they be just as burning?" And he to me: "Return to thy science,⁶ which declares that in proportion the thing is more perfect the more it feels the good, and so the pain. Though this accursed folk never can attain to true perfection, it expects thereafter to be more than now."

We took a circling course along that road,

6. v. 106. The teaching of Aristotle; see *Ethics*, x. 4, where the philosopher says that the exercise of every sense is attended with pleasure, and the pleasure is the greater in proportion to the completeness of the faculty. It seems a correct inference that the same is the case with pain. After the Last Judgment, when the body is reunited with the soul, and the spirit becomes thus complete, the suffering of the damned will be greater than before.

speaking far more than I repeat; and came to the point where the descent is. Here we found Pluto,⁷ the great enemy.

7. v. 115. Pluto and Plutus were not always clearly discriminated even by the ancients, and Pluto in Italian may be correctly rendered by one or the other name. Either is appropriate here, if Pluto be taken not as Hades, the god of the lower world, but in his character as the giver of wealth.

CANTO VII

The Fourth Circle, that of the Avaricious and the Prodigal. — Pluto. — Fortune.

The Styx. — The Fifth Circle, that of the Wrathful.

“*PAPE Satan, pape Satan aleppe,*” began Pluto with his clucking voice. And that gentle Sage, who knew everything, said to comfort me: “Let not thy fear hurt thee; for, whatever power he have, he shall not take from thee the descent of this rock.” Then he turned to that swollen lip and said: “Be silent, accursed wolf! ¹ consume thyself inwardly with thine own rage: not without cause is this going to the depth; it is willed on high, there where Michael wrought the vengeance for the proud rape.” ² As sails swollen by the wind fall in a heap when the mast snaps, so fell to earth the cruel wild-beast.

Thus we descended into the fourth hollow, taking more of the woeful bank which insacks the evil of the whole universe. Ah, justice of

1. v. 8. The wolf is the symbol of avarice, here as elsewhere in the poem; see canto i. and compare *Purgatory*, xx. 10.

2. v. 12. The violence of Lucifer against God, which had its root in his pride.

God! who heaps up so many new travails and penalties as I saw? And why does our guilt so ruin us? As does the wave, yonder upon Charybdis, which is broken on that which it encounters, so needs must here the people counterdance.

Here I saw many more people than elsewhere, both on the one side and the other, with great howls rolling weights by force of chest. They struck against each other, and then there each wheeled round, rolling back, crying: "Why holdest thou?" and "Why flingest thou away?" Thus they turned through the dark circle on either hand to the opposite point, still crying out at each other their opprobrious measure; then each wheeled round, when he had come through his half circle to the other joust.

And I, who had my heart as it were pierced through, said: "My Master, now declare to me what folk this is, and if all these tonsured ones on our left were clerks."

And he to me: "Each and all of these were so asquint in mind in the first life that they made no spending in it with due measure. Clearly enough their voice bays it forth, when they come to the two points of the circle where the contrary fault divides them. These were clerks who have no hairy covering on their

heads, and Popes and Cardinals, in whom avarice practices its excess."

And I: "Master, among such as these I ought surely to recognize some who were polluted with these evils."

And he to me: "Thou harborest a vain thought; the undiscerning life that made them foul now makes them dim to all discernment. Forever will they come to the two buttings; these will rise from the sepulchre with closed fist, and these with shorn hair. Ill-giving and ill-keeping have taken from them the beautiful world, and set them to this scuffle; what that is, I adorn not words for it. Now, son, thou canst see the brief jest of the goods that are committed to Fortune, for which the human race struggle with each other; for all the gold that is beneath the moon, or that ever was, could not of these weary souls make a single one repose."

"Master," said I to him, "now tell me further, this Fortune, on which thou touchest to me, what is it, which has the goods of the world so in its clutches?"

And he to me: "O foolish creatures, how great is that ignorance which harms you! I would have thee now receive my opinion concerning her. He whose wisdom transcends all, made the heavens, and gave them their guides,

so that every part shines on every part, distributing equally the light. In like wise for the splendors of the world, He ordained a general ministress and guide, who should from time to time transfer the vain goods from race to race, and from one blood to another, beyond the resistance of human wit. Wherefore one race rules, and another languishes, pursuant to her judgment, which is hidden like the snake in the grass. Your wisdom has no withstanding of her: she foresees, judges, and pursues her reign, as theirs the other gods. Her permutations have no truce; necessity compels her to be swift, so often comes he who obtains a turn. This is she who is so set upon the cross, even by those who ought to give her praise, giving her blame amiss and ill report. But she is blessed and hears this not: with the other Primal Creatures glad she turns her sphere, and blessed she rejoices. Now let us descend at once to greater woe: already every star is sinking that was rising when I set out, and too long stay is forbidden."

We crossed the circle to the other bank, above a fount that bubbles up and pours out through a trench which proceeds from it. The water was far darker than perse;³ and we, in

3. v. 103. "Perse is a color mixed of purple and black, in which the black predominates." *Convito*, iv. 20, 14.

company with the dusky waves, entered down through a strange way. This dismal little stream, when it has descended to the foot of the malign gray slopes, makes a marsh that is named Styx. And I, who was standing intent to gaze, saw muddy people in that swamp, all naked and with look of hurt. They were smiting each other, not with hand only, but with the head, with the chest, and with the feet, mangling one another piecemeal with their teeth.

The good Master said: "Son, now thou seest the souls of those whom anger overcame; and also I will that thou believe for certain that under the water are folk who sigh, and make this water bubble at the surface, as thine eye tells thee wherever it turns. Fixed in the slime, they say: 'Sullen were we in the sweet air that is gladdened by the Sun, bearing within ourselves the sluggish fume; now we are sullen in the black mire.' This hymn they gurgle in their throats, for they cannot speak with entire words."⁴

Thus we circled a great arc of the foul fen, between the dry bank and the slough, with eyes turned on those who guzzle the mire. We came at length to the foot of a tower.

4. v. 126. The sinners fixed under the water in the mud would seem to be those whose anger was suppressed, showing itself not in acts of wrath, but in sullen and resentful gloom.

CANTO VIII

The Fifth Circle. — Phlegyas and his boat. — Passage of the Styx. — Filippo Argenti. — The City of Dis. — The demons refuse entrance to the poets.

I SAY, continuing, that, long before we were at the foot of the high tower, our eyes went upward to its top by reason of two flamelets that we saw set there, while another was giving signal back from so far off that the eye could hardly catch it. And I turned me to the Sea of all wisdom; I said: "This one, what says it? and what answers that other fire? and who are they that made it?" And he to me: "Upon the turbid waves already thou mayst discern that which is expected, if the fume of the marsh hide it not from thee."

Bowstring never urged arrow from itself that ran so swift a course through the air, as a little vessel which at that instant I saw coming through the water toward us, under the guidance of a single boatman, who cried out: "Now art thou arrived, fell soul?"

"Phlegyas,¹ Phlegyas, this time thou criest
I. v. 19. Phlegyas, a king of the Lapithae, enraged with

out in vain," said my Lord, "thou shalt not have us longer than only while crossing the slough." As one who listens to some great deception that has been practiced on him, and then repines thereat, such became Phlegyas in his gathered anger.

My Leader descended into the bark and then he made me enter after him, and only when I was in did it seem laden. Soon as my Leader and I were in the boat, the antique prow goes its way, cutting more of the water than it is wont with others.

While we were running through the dead channel, one full of mud set himself before me, and said: "Who art thou that comest before thine hour?" And I to him: "If I come, I do not stay; but who art thou that art become so foul?" He answered: "Thou seest that I am one who laments." And I to him, "With lamenting and with sorrow, accursed spirit, do thou remain, for I know thee, though thou be all filthy." Then he stretched to the boat both his hands, whereat the wary Master thrust him back, saying: "Away there, with the other dogs!" Then he clasped my neck with his arms, kissed my face, and said: "Indignant

Apollo for the violation of his daughter, set fire to the temple, at Delphi, of the God, who slew him with his arrows. He finds his appropriate place here as the type of impious wrath.

soul, blessed be she who bore thee!² That was an arrogant person in the world; no goodness is there that adorns his memory; so is his shade furious here. How many now up there are held great kings who shall lie here like swine in mire, leaving of themselves horrible dispraises!" And I: "Master, I should much like to see him soused in this broth before we depart from the lake." And he to me: "Before the shore lets itself be seen by thee thou shalt be satisfied; it is fitting that thou enjoy such a desire." A little after this I saw such rending of him by the muddy folk that I still praise God therefor, and thank Him for it. All cried: "At Filippo Argenti!" and the raging Florentine spirit turned upon himself with his teeth. Here we left him; so that I tell no more of him.

But on my ears a wailing smote, whereat forward intent I unbar my eye. And the good Master said: "Now, son, the city draws near that is named Dis,³ with its heavy citizens, with

2. v. 45. Virgil commends Dante's feeling toward the sinner, because it was roused by righteous indignation at Filippo Argenti for the misery wrought by his deeds of cruelty. Its root was compassion for the innocent sufferers from his mad rages.

3. v. 68. Dis was a name used by the Romans for the god of the Infernal regions. Dante in giving the name to the city may have had in mind the verse of Virgil, "Night and

its great throng." And I: "Master, already in the valley therewithin I clearly discern its mosques vermilion, as if they were issuing from fire." And he said to me: "The eternal fire that blazes there within displays them red as thou seest in this nether Hell."

We at last arrived within the deep ditches which encompass that disconsolate city. The walls seemed to me to be of iron. Not without first making a great circuit did we come to a place where the boatman loudly shouted to us: "Get ye out, here is the entrance."

Upon the gates I saw more than a thousand of those rained down from heaven⁴ who angrily were saying: "Who is this, that without death goes through the realm of the dead folk?" And my wise Master made a sign of wishing to speak secretly with them.⁵ Then they shut

day the gate of dark Dis stands open" (*Aeneid*, vi. 127), understanding Dis to mean the region and not the god.

The walls of Dis close in the sinners of the lower Hell, whose sins were not those of passion or appetite, but of permanent evil dispositions.

4. v. 83. The fallen angels now become devils; and here, for the first time, is resistance offered to the Divine will by virtue of which Dante is making his journey through Hell.

5. v. 87. To use the arguments of reason with them, which prove unavailing because of the continuance in their disposition of that pride which had been the occasion of their fall.

in a little their great scorn, and said : " Come thou alone, and let him be gone who so boldly entered on this realm. Alone let him return on the mad path : let him try if he can ; for thou, who hast escorted him through so dark a region, shalt remain here." ⁶

Think, Reader, if I was discomfited at the sound of the accursed words, for I did not believe ever to return hither.⁷

" O my dear Leader, who more than seven times hast restored to me security, and drawn me from deep peril that stood confronting me, leave me not," said I, " thus undone ; and, if the passing farther onward be denied us, let us together quickly retrace our steps." And that Lord who had led me thither said to me : " Fear not, for no one can take from us our passage, by Such an one is it given to us. But here await me, and comfort thy dejected spirit and feed on good hope, for I will not leave thee in the nether world."

So the sweet Father goes away, and here abandons me, and I remain in suspense ; and yes and no contend within my head. I could not hear what he proffered to them, but he

6. v. 92. The demons are confident that human reason can be baffled and perverted by the resources of that pride of intellect which had been the cause of their own sin.

7. v. 96. To this world.

had not staid there with them long, when vying with each other they ran back within. These our adversaries closed the gates on the breast of my Lord, who remained without, and turned back to me with slow steps. He had his eyes upon the ground, and his brows were shorn of all hardihood, and he was saying with sighs: "Who has denied to me the houses of woe?" And he said to me: "Because I am wroth, be not thou dismayed, for I shall win the contest, whoever circle round within for the defence. This their insolence is not new, for of old they used it at a less secret gate, which still is found without a bolt.⁸ Above it thou didst see the dead inscription; and already, on this side of it, is descending the steep, passing without escort through the circles, One such that by him the city shall be opened to us."

8. v. 126. A like resistance had been offered to Christ on his descent to Hell.

CANTO IX

*The City of Dis. — Erichtho. — The Three Furies. —
The Heavenly Messenger. — The Sixth Circle: that of
the Heresiarchs.*

THAT color which cowardice painted outwardly on me when I saw my Guide turn back, repressed more speedily his own new color.¹ He stopped attentive, like a man that listens, for the eye could not lead him far through the black air, and through the dense fog.

“Yet it shall be for us to win the fight,” began he, “unless — Such an one offered herself to us.² Oh how long it is to me till Another arrive here !”³

I saw well how he covered up the beginning with the rest that came after, which were words different from the first; but nevertheless his speech gave me fear, because I drew his broken

1. v. 3. The pallor of Dante checked the flush on the face of Virgil.

2. v. 8. Beatrice.

3. v. 9. The messenger from Heaven, referred to in the last verses of the last canto. Dante more than once uses the indefinite “Another” for an unnamed superior power.

phrase perchance to a worse meaning than it held.

“Into this depth of the dismal shell does any one ever descend from the first grade who has for penalty only hope cut off?”⁴ This question I put, and he answered me: “Seldom it happens that any one of us makes the journey on which I am going. It is true that another time I was down here, conjured by that cruel Erichtho⁵ who was wont to call back shades into their bodies. Short while had my flesh been bare of me, when she made me enter within that wall, in order to draw thence a spirit of the circle of Judas. That is the lowest place, and the darkest, and the farthest from the Heaven which encircles all. I know the road well; therefore assure thyself. This marsh which breathes out the great stench girds round the woeful city wherein now we cannot enter without anger.”

And more he said, but I have it not in mind,

4. v. 18. Dante asks for assurance that Virgil, whose station is in Limbo, “the first grade,” knows the way. In Limbo the spirits are “only so far harmed that without hope they live in desire.” See Canto iv. 41.

5. v. 23. Erichtho, a sorceress of Thessaly, of whom Lucan relates (*Pharsalia*, vi. 506 sqq.) that, at the desire of Sextus, the son of Pompey, on the night before the battle of Pharsalia, she conjured up one of his dead soldiers to foretell of its issue.

because my eye had wholly attracted me toward the high tower with the ruddy summit, where in an instant were uprisen suddenly three infernal Furies,⁶ stained with blood, who had the limbs of women and their action, and were girt with greenest hydras. They had for hair little serpents and cerastes,⁷ wherewith their savage brows were bound.

And he, who well recognized the handmaids of the queen⁸ of the eternal lamentation, said to me: "Behold the fell Erinnyes; this is Megaera on the left side, she who wails on the right is Alecto, Tisiphone is in the middle:" and therewith he was silent.

With her nails each was tearing her breast; they were beating themselves with their hands, and crying out so loud that I pressed close to the Poet through dread. "Let Medusa come, so we will make him of stone," they all said, looking downward; "ill was it we avenged not on Theseus his assault."⁹

6. v. 38. The Furies seem to typify the self-tormenting malignant passions of the understanding perverted by pride and self-will.

7. v. 41. Horned snakes. See *Paradise Lost*, x. 525.

8. v. 44. Proserpine.

9. v. 53. Theseus, failing in his attempt to rescue Persephone, was kept in the lower world till he was delivered by Hercules. His release had been in defiance of the power of Hades.

"Turn thee round backwards, and keep thy sight closed, for if the Gorgon show herself, and thou shouldst see her, no return upward would there ever be."¹⁰ Thus said the Master, and he himself turned me, and trusted not to my hands but with his own he also blinded me.

O ye who have sound understandings, regard the doctrine that is hidden under the veil of the strange verses!

And already across the turbid waves was coming a crash of a sound full of terror, at which both the shores trembled. Not otherwise it was than of a wind, impetuous by reason of the opposing heats, which strikes the forest, and without any stay shatters the branches, beats down and carries them away; forward, laden with dust, it goes superb, and makes the wild beasts and the shepherds fly.

My eyes he loosed, and said, "Now direct

10. v. 57. Medusa, who should turn Dante to stone, that is, should harden his heart to the influences of the Divine grace, may be the type of the sin of *Desperatio*, despair of the mercy of God, which is not, says St. Thomas, the gravest of sins, but the most dangerous. He cites the saying of Isidore, "To despair is to descend into hell." *S. T.* ii². 20, 3. Virgil's declaration that "no return upward would there ever be," is illustrated by the words of St. Gregory, who affirms that by *Desperatio*, "via jam reversionis abscinditur," "the way of return is cut off." *Moralia*, viii. 52.

the nerve of sight across that ancient scum, there yonder where that fume is most bitter."

As the frogs before the hostile snake all vanish through the water, till each huddles on the ground, I saw more than a thousand destroyed souls flying thus before One, who on foot was passing over the Styx with soles unwet. From his face he was removing that thick air, waving his left hand oft before him, and only with that trouble he seemed weary. Well I perceived that he was a messenger from Heaven, and I turned me to the Master, and he made sign that I should stand quiet and bow down to him. Ah, how full of disdain he seemed to me! He came to the gate and with a little rod he opened it, for it had no resistance.

"O outcasts from Heaven! folk despised," began he upon the horrible threshold, "whence is this overweening harbored in you? Wherefore do ye kick against that Will from which its end can never be cut short, and which many a time has increased your woe? What avails it to butt against the fates? Your Cerberus, if ye remember well, still bears his chin and his throat peeled therefor."¹¹ Then he turned back over the filthy road, and said no word to

11. v. 99. Because of his resistance to Hercules when dragged in chains by him from the kingdom of Hades. See *Aeneid*, vi. 395-6.

us, but wore the semblance of a man whom other care constrains and stings, than that of him who is before him.

Then we moved our feet toward the city, secure after his holy words. We entered there within without any strife: and I, who had desire to observe the condition which such a stronghold locks in, soon as I was within, send my eye round about, and I see on every hand a great plain full of woe and of cruel torment.

As at Arles, where the Rhone stagnates, as at Pola, near the Quarnaro which shuts Italy in and bathes her borders, the sepulchres make all the place uneven¹²; so did they here on every side, save that the manner was more bitter here; for among the tombs flames were scattered, by which they were so wholly heated that no art requires iron more so. All their lids were lifted; and such dire laments were issuing forth from them as truly seemed of wretches and of sufferers.

And I: "Master, who are these folk that, buried within those coffers, make themselves heard with their woeful sighs?" And he to

12. v. 115. The cemetery at Arles with its great tombs of stone was a famous burial-ground from Roman days onward through the Middle Ages. Though now desecrated the ground still is uneven with the ancient graves. The tombs at Pola have disappeared.

me: "Here are the heresiarchs with their followers of every sect, and the tombs are much more laden than thou thinkest. Like with like is buried here, and the monuments are more and less hot."

And after he had turned to the right hand,¹³ we passed between the torments and the high battlements.

13. v. 132. The general course of the poets in their descent through Hell is to the left, the sinister hand, symbolizing the evil direction of the course of the sinner. Here, and in one other instance (xvii. 31), they turn for a short distance to the right. The significance of these turns to the right is obscure, and no satisfactory solution of it has been proposed.

CANTO X

The Sixth Circle : Heresiarchs. — Farinata degli Uberti. — Cavalcante Cavalcanti. — Frederick II.

Now, along a solitary path between the wall of the city and the torments, my Master goes on, and I behind his shoulders.

“O virtue supreme,” I began, “that through the impious circles dost turn me according to thy pleasure, speak to me and satisfy my desires. The folk that are lying in the sepulchres, might they be seen? all the lids are now lifted, and no one keeps guard.” And he to me: “All will be locked in when they shall return here from Jehoshaphat with the bodies which they have left on earth.¹ Upon this side Epicurus with all his followers, who make the soul mortal with the body, have their burial place.

1. v. 12. The locality of the Last Judgment, when the bodies of the dead were to be reunited with their souls, was assumed to be the valley of Jehoshaphat, according to the words of *Joel*, iii. 2, 12: “I will also gather all nations, and will bring them down to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there . . . for there will I sit to judge.”

Therefore as to the request that thou makest of me, thou shalt soon be satisfied here within; and also as to the desire of which thou art silent to me.”² And I: “Good Leader, I hold not my heart hidden from thee except in order to speak little; and not only now hast thou disposed me to this.”³

“O Tuscan, who goest thy way alive through the city of fire, speaking thus modestly, may it please thee to stop in this place. Thy mode of speech makes manifest that thou art native of that noble fatherland to which perchance I was too molestful.” Suddenly this sound issued from one of the coffers, wherefore in fear I drew a little nearer to my Leader. And he said to me: “Turn thee: what art thou doing? See there Farinata who has risen erect; all from the girdle upwards wilt thou see him.”⁴

I had already fixed my face on his, and he was straightening himself up with breast and

2. v. 18. Probably the wish to see Farinata, concerning whom Dante had questioned Ciacco (Canto vi. 79).

3. v. 21. These words may refer to Dante's supposition that his question to Virgil as they were approaching Acheron had been irksome to the poet (Canto iii. 79-80).

4. v. 33. Farinata degli Uberti was the head of the Ghibelline party in Tuscany for many years, about the middle of the thirteenth century. He was a man of valor and of wise counsel. He died not far from the time of Dante's birth.

front as though he had Hell in great scorn. And the bold and ready hands of my Leader pushed me among the sepulchres to him, saying: "Let thy words be clear."

When I was at the foot of his tomb, he looked at me a little, and then, as though disdainful, asked me, "Who were thy ancestors?" I, who was desirous to obey, concealed it not from him, but disclosed it all to him; whereon he raised up his brows a little, then said: "They were fiercely adverse to me and to my forefathers and to my party, so that at two times I scattered them."⁵ "If they were driven out, they returned from every side," replied I to him, "both the one and the other time, but yours have not learned well that art."⁶

Then there arose to sight alongside of this one, a shade uncovered far as to the chin: I think that it had risen on its knees. It looked round about me, as if it had desire to see if another were with me, but when its expectancy was quite spent, weeping it said: "If through this blind prison thou goest by reason of lofti-

5. v. 48. Dante's ancestors were Guelfs; Farinata had dispersed the Guelfs in 1248 and 1260.

6. v. 51. The Guelfs had returned to Florence in 1251 and 1266, and regaining power had finally expelled the Ghibellines permanently.

ness of genius, where is my son? and why is he not with thee?" And I to him: "I come not of myself; he who waits yonder is leading me through here, whom perchance your Guido had in disdain."⁷

His words and the mode of the punishment had already read to me the name of this one; wherefore my answer was so full.

Suddenly straightening up, he cried: "How didst thou say, 'he had'? lives he not still? does not the sweet light strike his eyes?" When he became aware of some delay that I made before answering, he fell again supine, and appeared no more outside.

But that other magnanimous one, at whose instance I had stayed, changed not aspect, nor moved his neck, nor bent his side. "And if," he said, continuing his first discourse, "they have ill learned that art, it torments me more than this bed. But the face of the Lady who rules here⁸ will not be rekindled fifty times ere

7. v. 63. Guido Cavalcanti, Dante's first friend (see *The New Life*, § 3), was charged with the same sin of unbelief as his father. Dante regards this as a sin specially contrary to right reason, typified by Virgil. In 1266-7, when an attempt was made to reconcile the Guelf and Ghibelline parties in Florence, the daughter of Farinata was betrothed to Guido Cavalcanti, and they were subsequently married.

8. v. 80. Proserpine, identified with the mystical Hecate, and hence with the Moon.

thou shalt know how much that art weighs. And, so mayest thou return to the sweet world, tell me wherefore is that people so pitiless against my party in its every law?" Thereon I to him: "The rout and the great carnage which colored the Arbia red cause such prayer to be made in our temple." After he had, sighing, shaken his head, "In that I was not alone," he said, "nor surely without cause would I have moved with the others; but I was alone there,⁹ where it was agreed by every one to destroy Florence, he who defended her with open face." "Ah! so may your seed ever have repose," I prayed to him, "loose for me that knot, which has here entangled my judgment. It seems, if I hear rightly, that ye see in advance that which time is bringing with it, and as to the present have another way."¹⁰ "We see," he said, "like him who has bad light, the things that are far from us, so much the supreme Ruler still shines on us; when they draw near, or are, our intelligence is wholly vain, and, if another report not to us, we know nothing of your human state; wherefore thou canst comprehend that

9. v. 91. At Empoli, in 1260, after the terrible rout of the Florentine Guelfs at Montaperti on the Arbia.

10. v. 99. That is, are ignorant of the present. Ciacco and Farinata have foretold future events, but Cavalcante has shown himself ignorant of present conditions.

our knowledge will be utterly dead from that moment when the gate of the future shall be closed." ¹¹ Then, as compunctious for my fault, I said: "Now, then, you ¹² will tell to that fallen one that his son is still conjoined with the living, and if just now I was dumb to answer, make him know that I was so because I was already thinking in the error which you have solved for me." ¹³

And now my Master was recalling me, wherefore more hastily I prayed the spirit that he would tell me who was with him. He said to me: "Here I lie with more than a thousand; here within is the second Frederick ¹⁴ and the Cardinal, ¹⁵ and of the others I am silent."

11. v. 108. After the Last Judgment, the end of earth and of time.

12. v. 110. The use of the plural *you* is to be noted as indicating the respect in which Dante held Farinata, as the "your Guido" in verse 63 shows a similar feeling toward Cavalcante. The only other person in Hell whom he treats with similar honor is Brunetto Latini, in Canto xv.

13. v. 114. Guido Cavalcanti died in August, 1300; his death was an event too near at hand at the time of Dante's journey to be known to his father, who, probably, had himself died but recently.

14. v. 119. The famous Frederick II., "stupor mundi," Emperor from 1212 to 1250; "he led an epicurean life," says Villani, "never making account that there would be another life." *Cronica*, vi. 1.

15. v. 120. Ottaviano degli Ubaldini, a fierce Ghibel-

Thereon he hid himself; and I turned my steps toward the ancient Poet, reflecting on that speech which seemed hostile to me. He moved on, and then, thus going, he said to me: "Why art thou so disturbed?" And I satisfied him as to his question. "Let thy memory preserve that which thou hast heard against thyself," that Sage bade me, "and now give heed here—" and he raised his finger: "When thou shalt be in presence of the sweet radiance of her whose beautiful eye sees everything, from her thou shalt learn the journey of thy life." Then to the left he turned his step.

We left the wall, and went toward the middle by a path that strikes into a valley which even up there was making its stench displeasing.

line, who was reported as saying, "If there be a soul I have lost it for the Ghibellines." He died in 1273.

CANTO XI

The Sixth Circle: Heretics. — Tomb of Pope Anastasius. — Discourse of Virgil on the divisions of the lower Hell.

UPON the edge of a high bank which great rocks broken in a circle made, we came above a more cruel pen. And here, because of the horrible excess of the stench which the deep abyss throws out, we drew aside behind the lid of a great tomb, whereon I saw an inscription which said: "I hold Pope Anastasius, whom Photinus drew from the right way."¹

"It behoves that our descent be slow, so that the sense may first accustom itself a little to the dismal blast, and then it will be of no concern." Thus the Master, and I said to him: "Some compensation do thou find that the time pass not lost." And he: "Behold, I am thinking of that. My son, within these rocks," he began then to say, "are three

1. v. 91. A confused tradition charged Pope Anastasius II., 496-498, with having been led by Photinus of Thessalonica into heretical opinions concerning the divinity of Christ.

lesser circles from grade to grade, like those which thou art leaving. All are full of accursed spirits; but, in order that hereafter the sight alone may suffice thee, hear how and wherefore they are in bonds.

“Of every wickedness² that acquires hate in heaven injury is the end, and every such end afflicts others either by force or by fraud. But because fraud is an evil peculiar to man, it more displeases God; and therefore the fraudulent are the lower, and woe assails them more.

“The first circle³ is wholly of the violent: but because violence is done to three persons, it is divided and constructed in three rounds. To God, to one's self, to one's neighbor may violence be done; I say to them and to their belongings, as thou shalt hear with plain discourse. By violence, death and grievous wounds are inflicted on one's neighbor; and on his substance ruins, burnings, and harmful extortions. Wherefore the first round torments homicides, and every one who smites wrongfully, all despoilers and plunderers, in various troops.

2. v. 22. Wickedness, or deliberate sin that proceeds from evil disposition, or fixed habit, distinguished from sins of incontinence, due to passionate impulse or want of self-control.

3. v. 28. The first circle below, the seventh in the order of Hell.

“Man may lay violent hands upon himself and on his goods; and, therefore, in the second round it behoves that he repent without avail who deprives himself of your world, gambles away and dissipates his property, and laments there where he ought to be joyous.⁴

“Violence may be done to the Deity, by denying and blaspheming Him in the heart, and by contemning nature and His bounty: and therefore the smallest round seals with its signet both Sodom and Cahors,⁵ and him who, contemning God, speaks from his heart.

“The fraud, by which every conscience is stung, man may practice on one that confides in him, or on one that has no stock of confidence. This latter mode seems to destroy only the bond of love which nature makes⁶; wherefore in the second circle⁷ nest hypocrisy, flat-teries, and he who bewitches, falsity, robbery, and simony, panders, barrators, and such like filth.

4. v. 45. Laments on earth because of violence done by himself to what should have made him happy.

5. v. 50. Cahors, a town in southern France, on the river Lot, noted in the Middle Ages for the usurious disposition and practice of its inhabitants, so that the term *Caorsini* was in common use as a synonym for usurers.

6. v. 56. Only the common bond of man to man.

7. v. 57. The second circle below, the eighth in the order of Hell.

“By the other mode that love is forgotten which nature makes and that which is thereafter added, whereby special confidence is created. Hence, in the smallest circle, where is the point of the universe, upon which Dis sits, whoso betrays is consumed forever.”

And I : “Master, full clearly thy discourse proceeds, and full well divides this pit, and the people that possess it; but, tell me, they of the fat marsh, and they whom the wind drives, and they whom the rain beats, and they who encounter with such rough tongues, why are they not punished within the ruddy city⁸ if God be wroth with them? and if he be not so, why are they in such plight?”

And he said to me : “Why does thy wit so wander beyond its wont? or thy mind, where else is it gazing? Dost thou not remember those words with which thy *Ethics* treats in full of the three dispositions that Heaven abides not; incontinence, wickedness, and mad bestiality, and how incontinence less offends God, and incurs less blame?⁹ If thou consider well this

8. v. 73. In this lower Hell, within the walls of the city of Dis.

9. v. 84. Aristotle, *Ethics*, vii. 1. Dante does not adopt Aristotle's classification as a whole, but, as has been pointed out by Dr. Moore (*Studies in Dante*, i. 259, ii. 157-160) follows him only “in the broad distinction between sins of

doctrine, and bring to mind who are those that up above suffer punishment outside,¹⁰ thou wilt see clearly why they are divided from these felons, and why less wroth the divine vengeance hammers them."

"O Sun that healest every troubled vision, thou dost content me so, when thou solvest, that doubt, not less than knowledge, pleases me; yet turn thee a little back," said I, "to where thou sayest that usury offends the Divine Goodness,¹¹ and loose the knot."

"Philosophy," he said to me, "points out to him who understands it, not only in one part alone, how Nature takes her course from the Divine Intellect and from Its art. And if thou note thy Physics¹² well thou wilt find, after not many pages, that your art follows her so far as it can, as the disciple does the master, so that your art is as it were grandchild of God. From these two,¹³ if thou bring to mind

impulse [or appetite] and sins of habit . . . and as regards the latter borrows from Cicero (*De Officiis*, I. xiii. 41) the distinction between such sins when carried out by violence and when effected by fraud." Bestiality or brutishness thus has no place in Dante's scheme.

10. v. 87. Outside the walls of the city of Dis.

11. v. 96. Virgil has not said this explicitly, but has implied it in his reference to Cahors, v. 50.

12. v. 101. Aristotle, *Physics*, ii. 2.

13. v. 106. From the bounty of Nature, and the exercise of Art.

Genesis at its beginning,¹⁴ it behoves mankind to gain their life and to advance. But because the usurer holds another way, he contemns Nature in herself, and in her follower,¹⁵ since upon other thing he sets his hope.¹⁶ But follow me now, for to go on pleases me; for the Fishes are quivering on the horizon, and the Wain lies quite over Caurus,¹⁷ and far onwards is the descent of the steep."

14. v. 107. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." *Genesis* iii. 19.

15. v. 110. "Her follower," that is, the arts of mankind.

16. v. 111. The usurer sets his hope on gain not derived from the bounty of nature, nor won by the sweat of his brow in the practice of any art, and thus, as Bacon says, he "breaketh the first law that was made for mankind."

17. v. 114. The sign of the Fishes precedes that of the Ram, and, as the Sun was in the latter sign, the time indicated is about 4, or from 4 to 5 A. M. Caurus, the name of the northwest wind, here stands for that quarter of the heavens.

CANTO XII

The Seventh Circle, first round: those who do violence to others. — The Minotaur. — The Centaurs. — Chiron. — Nessus. — The River of boiling Blood, and the Sinners in it.

THE place where we came to descend the bank was alpine, and, because also of what was there, such that every eye would be shy of it.

As is that downfall which, on this side of Trent, struck the Adige on its flank, either by earthquake or through failure of support, — for from the top of the mountain, whence it started, to the plain, the cliff has so tumbled down that it might afford some path to one that were above — such was the descent of that ravine: and on the edge of the broken chasm was outstretched the infamy of Crete, that was conceived in the false cow. And when he saw us he bit himself even as one whom wrath rends inwardly. My Sage cried out toward him: “Perchance thou believest that here is the Duke of Athens,¹

1. v. 16. “Whylom, as olde stories tellen us,
Ther was a clerk that highte Theseus,
Of Athens he was lord and governour.”
— *The Knightes Tale*, 1–3.

who up in the world gave thee thy death? Get thee gone, beast, for this one does not come instructed by thy sister, but he goes to behold your punishments."

As is that bull which breaks his halter at the instant he has just received his mortal stroke, and cannot go, but plunges this way and that, I saw the Minotaur do the like.

And he² watchful cried: "Run to the pass; while he is in a rage it is well that thou descend." So we took our way down over the discharge of those stones, which often moved under my feet because of the novel burden.

I was going along thinking, and he said: "Thou art thinking perhaps on this ruin which is guarded by that bestial wrath which I just now quelled. Now I would have thee know that the other time when I descended here below into the nether hell, this cliff had not yet fallen. But in truth, if I discern aright, a little ere He came, who levied the great spoil on Dis from the uppermost circle,³ on all sides the deep foul valley trembled⁴ so that I thought the universe felt love whereby, as some believe, the world has oft-times been converted into

2. v. 26. Virgil.

3. v. 39. See Canto iv. 52-63.

4. v. 41. At the moment of the death of Jesus, when "the earth did quake, and the rocks rent." *Matthew* xxvii. 51.

chaos :⁵ and, at that moment, this ancient rock here and elsewhere made such downfall. But fix thine eyes below, for the river of blood is near, in which everyone who does harm by violence to others is boiling."

Oh blind cupidity,⁶ both guilty and mad, which so spurs us in the short life, and then, in the eternal, steeps us so ill !

I saw a broad ditch, according as my Guide had said, bent in an arc, as that which embraces all the plain. And between the foot of the bank and it, Centaurs were running in a file, armed with arrows, as they were wont in the world to go to the chase. Seeing us descending, each stopped, and from the troop three detached themselves, with bows and darts first selected.

5. v. 43. It was the doctrine of Empedocles that Love and Hate were powers to whose conflicting influences the actual condition of the sensible world is due, the one striving to unite, the other to separate and mingle the elementary substances. If one or the other gained complete supremacy, which it was supposed might be the case at vast intervals of time, the existing universe would undergo a total change in all its parts. Dante may have gained imperfect knowledge of this doctrine from Aristotle.

6. v. 49. Cupidity, the inordinate desire of temporal or material things, destructive alike of charity and justice, is the root of deeds of tyranny and violence such as are punished here. See *Paradise*, xv. 3; xxvii. 121; *De Monarchia*, i. 11, 70.

And one cried from afar : " To what torment are ye coming, ye who descend the slope ? Tell it from there ; if not, I draw the bow." My Master said : " We will make answer unto Chiron near by there : to thy hurt was thy will ever thus hasty."

Then he touched me, and said : " That is Nessus, who died for the beautiful Dejanira, and himself wrought vengeance for himself ; and that one in the middle, who is gazing on his own breast, is the great Chiron who nurtured Achilles ; that other is Pholus, who was so full of wrath. Round about the ditch they go by thousands, shooting with their arrows whatever soul lifts itself from the blood more than its crime has allotted to it."

We drew near to those fleet wild beasts. Chiron took a shaft, and with the notch put his beard back upon his jaws. When he had thus uncovered his great mouth he said to his companions : " Are ye aware that the one behind moves what he touches ? thus are not wont to do the feet of the dead." And my good Leader, who was now at his breast, where the two natures are conjoined, replied : " He is indeed alive, and thus alone it behoves me to show him the dark valley : necessity leads him and not delight. One who withdrew from singing hallelujah committed unto me this new

duty ; he is no robber, nor I a fraudulent soul. But, by that Power through which I move my steps along so savage a road, give to us one of thine, to whom we may keep close, who may show us where the ford is, and may carry this one on his back, who is not a spirit that can go through the air."

Chiron turned upon his right breast, and said to Nessus : " Turn, and guide them thus, and if another troop encounter you, make it give way."

We moved on with the trusty escort along the edge of the crimson boiling, in which the boiled were uttering loud shrieks. I saw folk under it up to the brow, and the great Centaur said : " These are tyrants who laid hold on blood and plunder. Here they bewail their merciless misdeeds : here is Alexander, and cruel Dionysius who made Sicily have woeful years. And that forehead which has such black hair is Azzolino,⁷ and that other who is blond is Opizzo of Este,⁸ who of a truth was slain by his stepson up there in the world."

7. v. 110. Azzolino or Ezzelino III. da Romano, son-in-law of the Emperor Frederick II., and his vicar in Northern Italy; one of the most cruel of tyrants. He died in 1259.

8. v. 111. Opizzo II. of Este, Marquis of Ferrara, a rapacious tyrant. It was believed that he was smothered by his son, called by Dante his stepson, Azzo (referred to in

Then I turned me to the Poet, and he said :
 " Let him now be first for thee, and I second."
 A little further on the Centaur stopped above
 a folk who far as the throat seemed to come out
 from that boiling stream. He showed to us at
 one side a solitary shade, and said : " He cleft,
 in the bosom of God, the heart that still is
 honored on the Thames."⁹ Then I saw folk,
 who were holding their heads, and even all their
 chests, out of the stream ; and of these I recog-
 nized many. Thus more and more that blood
 sank down, until it cooked only the feet : and
 here was our passage of the foss.

" As on this hand, thou seest that the boiling
 stream continually diminishes," said the Cen-
 taur, " so I would have thee believe that on this
 other it lowers its bed more and more, until
 it comes round again to where it behoves that
 tyranny should groan. The divine justice here
 goads that Attila who was a scourge on earth,
 and Pyrrhus and Sextus ; and forever milks the
 Hell, Canto xviii. 56 ; and Purgatory, Canto v. 77) in the
 year 1293.

9. v. 120. In 1271, Prince Henry, son of Richard, Earl
 of Cornwall, was stabbed, during the mass, in the church of
 St. Sylvester at Viterbo, by Guy of Montfort, to avenge the
 death of his father, Simon, Earl of Leicester, in 1265. The
 heart of the young Prince was placed in a golden cup, ac-
 cording to Villani (*Cronica*, vii. 39), on a column, at the
 head of London bridge.

tears which with the boiling it unlocks from Rinier of Corneto and from Rinier Pazzo,¹⁰ who made such warfare upon the highways."

Then he turned back and repassed the ford.

10. v. 137. Two noted highway robbers who, in the thirteenth century, beset travellers on the roads between Florence and Rome, and on the Roman Campagna.

CANTO XIII

The Seventh Circle, second round: those who have done violence to themselves and to their goods. — The Wood of Self-murderers. — The Harpies. — Pier delle Vigne. — Lano of Siena and others.

NESSUS had not yet reached the yonder bank when we set forward through a wood which was marked by no path. Not green leaves were there, but of a dusky color, not smooth boughs but gnarled and tangled, not fruits but thorns with poison. Those savage wild-beasts that hold in hate the tilled places between Cecina and Corneto¹ have no thickets so rough or so dense.

Here the foul Harpies make their nests, who chased the Trojans from the Strophades with dismal announcement of future calamity.² They have broad wings, and human necks and faces, feet with claws, and the great belly feathered. They make lament on the strange trees.

1. v. 9. The little river Cecina and the town of Corneto on the river Marta roughly designate respectively the northern and southern limits of the Tuscan Maremma.

2. v. 12. See *Aeneid*, iii. 210–257.

And the good Master began to say to me :
“ Before thou enterest farther, know that thou
art in the Second Round,³ and wilt be, till thou
shalt come to the horrible sand. Therefore
look well around, and so shalt thou see things
that would take credence from my speech.”⁴

I heard wailings uttered on every side, and I
saw no one who made them, wherefore, all be-
wilderer, I stopped. I believe that he believed
that I believed that all these voices issued from
amid those trunks from people who because of
us had hidden themselves. Therefore said the
Master : “ If thou break off any twig from one
of these plants, the thoughts thou hast will all
be cut short.” Then I stretched my hand a
little forward and plucked a little branch from
a great thorn-bush, and its trunk cried out :
“ Why dost thou break me ? ” When it had
become dark with blood it began again to cry :
“ Why dost thou tear me ? hast thou not any
spirit of pity ? Men we were, and now we
are become stocks ; truly thy hand ought to
be more pitiful had we been souls of ser-
pents.”

As from a green log that is burning at one
of its ends, and drips from the other, and hisses
with the air that is escaping, so from that bro-

3. v. 17. Of the Seventh Circle.

4. v. 21. Things which if told would seem incredible.

ken twig came out words and blood together; whereon I let the tip fall, and stood like a man who is afraid.

"If he had been able to believe before," replied my Sage, "O injured soul, what he has seen only in my verse,⁵ he would not have stretched out his hand on thee; but the incredible thing made me prompt him to an act which weighs on me myself. But tell him who thou wast, so that, by way of some amends, he may refresh thy fame in the world above, whereto it is allowed him to return."

And the trunk:⁶ "Thou dost so allure me with sweet speech, that I cannot be silent, and may it not burden you, that I am enticed to talk a little. I am he who held both the keys of the heart of Frederick, and who turned them, locking and unlocking so softly, that from his secrets I kept almost every one.

5. v. 48. In the story of Polydorus, in the third book of the *Aeneid*.

6. v. 55. The spirit who speaks is Pier delle Vigne; of low birth, but of great ability, he rose rapidly at the court of Frederick II., till he became the Chancellor of the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and later the private secretary and confidential minister of the Emperor. In 1249 he fell into disgrace, and, according to common report, his eyes were put out, and he killed himself at Pisa by dashing his head against a wall. He was one of the earliest writers of Italian verse. Dante has placed his master as well as him in Hell. See Canto x. 119.

Fidelity so great I bore to the glorious office, that I lost my sleep and my pulse thereby. The harlot,⁷ that never from the abode of Cæsar turned her strumpet eyes,—the common death and vice of courts,—inflamed all minds against me, and they, inflamed, did so inflame Augustus that my glad honors turned to dismal sorrows. My mind, through scornful disgust, thinking to escape scorn by death, made me unjust toward my just self. By the strange roots of this tree I swear to you, that I never broke faith to my lord who was so worthy of honor. And if one of you returns to the world, let him comfort my memory which yet lies prostrate from the blow that envy gave it.”

He paused a little, and then, “Since he is silent,” said the Poet to me, “lose not the hour, but, if more please thee, speak and enquire of him.” Whereon I to him: “Do thou ask him further of what thou thinkest may satisfy me, for I cannot, such great pity fills my heart.”

Therefore he began again: “So may this man do for thee freely that which thy speech prays for, spirit incarcerate, may it please thee yet to tell us how the soul is bound within

7. v. 64. “Envie is lavendere of the court alway;
For she ne parteth, neither nyght ne day,
Out of the house of Cesar,—thus seith Dante.”

Legende of Good Women, 358-60.

these knots, and tell us, if thou canst, if from such limbs any soul is ever loosed."

Then the trunk puffed strongly, and soon the wind was changed into this voice: "Briefly shall ye be answered. When the ferocious soul departs from the body wherefrom itself has torn itself, Minos sends it to the seventh gulf. It falls into the wood, and no part is chosen for it, but where fortune flings it there it sprouts like a grain of spelt; it rises in a sapling and to a wild plant: the Harpies, feeding then upon its leaves, give pain, and to the pain a window.⁸ Like the others we shall go for our spoils,⁹ but not, however, that any one may revest himself with them, for it is not just for one to have that of which he deprives himself. Hither shall we drag them, and through the melancholy wood shall our bodies be suspended, each on the thorn-tree of its molested shade."

We were still attentive to the trunk, believing that it might wish to say more to us, when we were surprised by an uproar, like one who perceives the wild boar and the chase coming toward his post, and hears the beasts and the

8. v. 102. The tearing of the leaves gives an outlet to the woe.

9. v. 103. Like other spirits, for their bodies, at the Last Judgment.

crash of the branches. And behold, two on the left hand, naked and scratched, flying so hard that they broke through every barrier of the wood. The one in front was shouting: "Haste now! haste thee, Death!" and the other, who seemed to himself too slow: "Lano, thy legs were not so nimble at the jousts of the Toppo":¹⁰ and since perhaps his breath was failing, of himself and of a bush he made a group. Behind them the wood was full of black bitches, ravenous and running like greyhounds that had been slipped from the leash. On him who had squatted they set their teeth and tore him piecemeal, then carried off those woeful limbs.

My Guide then took me by the hand, and led me to the bush, which was weeping in vain through its bleeding fractures. "O Jacomo of Sant' Andrea," it was saying,¹¹ "what has it vantaged thee to make of me a screen? What blame have I for thy wicked life?" When the Master had stopped above it, he said: "Who wast thou, who through so many wounds blowest forth with blood a woeful speech?" And he to us: "O souls that are arrived to see the

10. v. 121. Lano was slain in flight at the defeat of the Sieneſe by the Aretines, near the Pieve del Toppo, in 1280. He and Jacomo were notorious ſpendthrifts.

11. v. 133. It is not known who this is that ſpeaks.

shameful ravage that has thus disjoined my twigs from me, collect them at the foot of the wretched bush. I was of the city which for the Baptist changed her first patron;¹² wherefore he will always make her sorrowful with his art. And were it not that at the passage of the Arno some semblance of him still remains, those citizens who afterwards rebuilt it upon the ashes that were left by Attila¹³ would have done the work in vain.¹⁴ I made a gibbet for myself of my own house."

12. v. 144. The first patron of Florence was Mars; a fragment of a statue of whom stood till 1333 at the head of the Ponte Vecchio, the Old Bridge over the Arno. See *Paradise*, xvi. 145-147.

13. v. 149. It was not Attila, but Totila, who in 542 besieged Florence, and, according to false popular tradition, burned it. Their names and deeds were frequently confounded in the Dark Ages.

14. v. 150. Under these words lies a satirical reference to the devotion of the Florentines to money making. Dante means, says Benvenuto da Imola, "that after Florence gave up Mars, that is, fortitude and valor in arms, and began to worship the Baptist alone, that is, the Florin, on which is the figure of the Baptist, they met with misfortune in their wars." The fragment of the statue of Mars was a type of the little that remained of their old valor.

CANTO XIV

The Seventh Circle, third round: those who have done violence to God.— The Burning Sand.— Capaneus.— Figure of the Old Man in Crete.— The Rivers of Hell.

BECAUSE the love of my native place constrained me, I gathered up the scattered twigs and gave them back to him who was already faint-voiced.

Thence we came to the confine, where the second round is divided from the third, and where a horrible mode of justice is seen.

To make the new things clearly manifest, I say that we had reached a plain which rejects every plant from its bed. The woeful wood is a garland round about it, even as the dismal foss to that. Here, on the very edge, we stayed our steps. The floor was an arid and dense sand, not made in other fashion than that which of old was trodden by the feet of Cato.¹

O vengeance of God, how much shouldst

1. v. 15. On his march across the Libyan desert, from Cyrene to Utica, in the year B. C. 47. See Lucan, *Pharsalia*, ix. 371-378.

thou be feared by every one who reads that which was manifest to my eyes !

I saw many flocks of naked souls, that were all weeping very miserably, and divers law seemed imposed upon them. Some folk were lying supine on the ground,² some were seated all crouched up,³ and others were going about continually.⁴ Those who were going around were the more numerous, and those the less so who were lying down under the torment, but they had their tongues more loosed by the pain.

Over all the sand, with a slow falling, were raining down dilated flakes of fire, as of snow on alps without a wind. As the flames which Alexander in those hot parts of India saw falling upon his host, unbroken to the ground, wherefore he took care to trample the soil by his troops, because the vapor was better extinguished while it was single ; so was descending the eternal heat whereby the sand was kindled, like tinder beneath the steel, for doubling of the dole. The dance of the wretched hands was ever without repose, now there, now here, shaking off from them the fresh burning.

I began : " Master, thou that overcomest

2. v. 22. Those who had done violence to God.

3. v. 23. Those who had done violence to Nature.

4. v. 24. Those who had done violence to Art.

everything, except the obdurate demons, who at the entrance of the gate came out against us, who is that great one that seems not to heed the fire, and lies spiteful and twisted, so that the rain seems not to ripen him?"⁵ And that same one who was aware that I was asking my Leader about him, cried out: "Such as I was alive, such am I dead. Though Jove weary out his smith, from whom in wrath he took the sharp thunderbolt wherewith on my last day I was smitten, or though he weary out the others, turn by turn, in Mongibello⁶ at the black forge, crying, 'Good Vulcan, help, help!' even as he did at the fight of Phlegra,⁷ and hurl on me with all his might, he should not have thereby glad vengeance."

Then my Leader spoke with force so great, that I had never heard him so vehement: "O Capaneus, in that thy pride is not extinct, art thou the more punished; no torment save thine own rage would be a pain adequate to thy fury."

5. v. 48. It is Capaneus, one of the seven kings who besieged Thebes. He, having mounted the walls, defied Jupiter, who slew him with a thunderbolt. See Statius, *Thebaid*, x. 898-939.

6. v. 56. Mt. Ætna, called by the Saracens in Sicily, *Al gebel*, "The Mountain"; this designation was transformed by the Italians into Mongibello.

7. v. 58. The battle between the Gods and the Giants, in the vale of Phlegra in Thessaly.

Then he turned round to me with better look, saying: "That was one of the Seven Kings who besieged Thebes, and he held, and it seems that he holds God in disdain, and it seems that he little prizes Him; but as I said to him, his own despites are very due adornments for his breast. Now come behind me, and take heed still not to set thy feet upon the scorched sand, but keep them always close to the wood."

In silence we came to where a little brook, the redness of which still makes me shudder, gushes forth from the wood. As from the Bulicame⁸ a rivulet issues, which then the sinful women share among them, so that went down across the sand. Its bed and both its sloping banks were made of stone, and the margins on the side, wherefore I perceived that the crossing⁹ was there.

"Among all else that I have shown to thee, since we entered through the gate whose threshold is denied to no one, nothing has been discerned by thine eyes so notable as is the present

8. v. 79. The Bulicame, a hot spring near Viterbo, frequented as a bath, the use of a portion of which was assigned to "sinful women."

9. v. 84. The crossing of the breadth of the round of burning sand, on the way inward toward the descent to the next circle.

stream which deadens all the flamelets above it." ¹⁰ These words were of my Leader, wherefore I prayed him, that he would bestow on me the food of which he had bestowed on me the desire.

"In mid sea lies a wasted land," said he then, "which is named Crete, under whose king the world of old was chaste. A mountain is there which of old was glad with water and with leaves, which is called Ida; now it is desert, like a thing outworn. Rhea chose it of old for the trusty cradle of her little son, and, the better to conceal him when he wailed, caused cries to be made there." ¹¹ Within the mountain a great old man stands upright, who holds his shoulders turned towards Damietta, ¹² and gazes at Rome as if his mirror. His head is formed of fine gold, and his arms and breast are pure silver; then far as to the fork he is of brass; from there downward he is all of chosen iron, save that his right foot is of

10. v. 90. By the steam rising from it; see xv. 3.

11. v. 102. To prevent Saturn from hearing the cries of the infant Jupiter, whom, had he known him to be alive, he would have sought to devour, in order to avert the fulfillment of the prophecy that he would be dethroned by one of his children. See Ovid, *Fasti*, iv. 197-214.

12. v. 104. Damietta, near the chief eastern mouth of the Nile, designates here the East, where the history of man began.

baked earth, and he stands erect on that more than on the other.¹³ Every part except the gold is cleft with a fissure that drips tears, which, collected, perforate that cavern. Their course is from rock to rock into this valley; they form Acheron, Styx, and Phlegethon; then their way is down through this narrow channel till, where there is no more descending, they form Cocytus, and what that pool is, thou shalt see; therefore here it is not told."

And I to him: "If the present stream flows down thus from our world, why does it appear to us only at this border?"¹⁴

And he to me: "Thou knowest that the place is circular, and though thou art come far,

13. v. 111. This image is taken directly from the dream of Nebuchadnezzar (*Daniel* ii. 31-33). It is the type of the historic life of man, with its back to the past, its face toward Rome, — the centre of the actual world. Its upper parts of metal represent the Golden, Silver, Bronze, and Iron ages, according to the fancy of the poets. The two legs are generally interpreted as the symbols of the Empire and the Church; the right leg, on which the image rests the most, being the type of the Church. There is much difference of opinion concerning the significance of its foot of baked earth; possibly it may refer to the element of weakness in the Papacy from the earthly character of the Popes. The tears of the sinful and suffering generations of man form the rivers of Hell.

14. v. 123. This border of the third round of the seventh circle.

always to the left in descending toward the bottom, thou hast not yet turned through the whole circle; wherefore if a new thing appears to us, it ought not to bring wonder to thy face."

And I again: "Master, where are Phlegethon and Lethe found, for of the one thou art silent, and the other thou sayest is formed by this rain?"¹⁵

"In all thy questions truly thou pleasest me," he answered, "but the boiling of the red water should well solve one that thou askest.¹⁶ Lethe thou shalt see, but outside of this ditch, there where the souls go to lave themselves, when the fault repented of has been removed." Then he said, "Now it is time to quit the wood; take heed that thou come behind me; the margins which are not burning afford way, and above them every vapor is extinguished."

15. v. 132. The rain of tears.

16. The color and boiling of the river of blood in the first round of this seventh circle might have told Dante that it was Phlegethon, "*rapidus flammis . . . torrentibus amnis*" (*Aeneid*, vi. 556).

CANTO XV

Third round of the Seventh Circle: of those who have done violence to Nature. — Brunetto Latini. — Prophecies of misfortune to Dante.

Now one of the hard margins bears us on, and the fume of the brook overshadows so that it saves the water and the banks from the fire. As the Flemings, between Wissant and Bruges, fearing the flood that rushes toward them, make the bulwark whereby the sea may be routed; and as the Paduans along the Brenta, in order to defend their towns and their castles, ere Chiarentana¹ feel the heat,—in such like were these made, though neither so high nor so thick had the master, whoever he was, made them.

We were now so remote from the wood that I could not have seen where it was though I had turned backward, when we encountered a troop of souls which was coming alongside the bank, and each of them was looking at us, as a man is wont to look at another at evening

1. v. 9. The mountain regions north of the Brenta, by the floods from which the river is swollen in the spring.

under the new moon; and they so sharpened their brows toward us as the old tailor does on the needle's eye.

Thus eyed by that company, I was recognized by one who took me by the hem, and cried out: "What a marvel!" And when he stretched out his arm to me, I fixed my eyes on his baked aspect so that his scorched visage did not prevent the recognition of him by my intelligence; and bending down my own to his face, I answered: "Are you here, Ser Brunetto?"² And he: "O my son, let it not displease thee if Brunetto Latini turns back a little with thee, and lets the train go on." I said to him: "With all my power I pray this of you, and if you will that I sit down with you I will do so, if it please him there,³ for I go with him." "O son," said he, "whoever of this herd stops for an instant, lies afterwards a hundred years

2. v. 30. Brunetto Latini, one of the most learned and able Florentines of the thirteenth century. He was banished with the other chiefs of the Guelph party, after the battle of Montaperti, in 1260, and went to France, where he resided for many years. After his return to Florence he became Secretary of the Commune. His principal literary work was *Li Livres dou Tresor*, written in French, an interesting compend of the *omne scibile*. He died in 1290. Dante uses the plural "you" in addressing him, as a sign of respect.

3. v. 36. Dante never speaks Virgil's name in Hell.

without fanning himself when the fire smites him ; therefore go onward : I will come at thy skirts, and then I will rejoin my band which goes lamenting its eternal penalties."

I dared not descend from the road to go level with him, but I held my head bowed like one who goes reverently. He began : "What fortune or destiny leads thee down here before thy last day ? and who is this that shows the road ?"

"There above, in the bright life," I answered him, "I went astray in a valley, before my time was full. Only yesterday morning I turned my back on it : this one appeared to me as I was returning to it, and he is leading me homeward again along this path."

And he to me : "If thou follow thy star, thou canst not miss the glorious port, if, in the fair life, I discerned aright : and if I had not so untimely died, seeing heaven so benignant to thee, I would have given thee cheer in thy work. But that ungrateful malignant people which descended from Fiesole of old,⁴ and still smacks of the mountain and the rock, will make itself

4. v. 62. After his flight from Rome Catiline betook himself to Faesulae (Fiesole), and here for a time held out against the Roman forces. The popular tradition ran that, after his defeat, Faesulae was destroyed, and its people, together with a colony from Rome, made a settlement on the

hostile to thee because of thy good deeds ; and it is right, for among the bitter sorb-trees it befits not the sweet fig to bear fruit. Old report in the world calls them blind ; it is an avaricious, envious, and proud folk ; from their customs take heed that thou cleanse thyself. Thy fortune reserves such honor for thee that the one party and the other shall have hunger for thee : but far from the goat shall be the grass. Let the Fiesolan beasts make litter of themselves, and let them not touch the plant, if any spring yet upon their dungheap, in which the holy seed may revive of those Romans who remained there when it became the nest of so much wickedness.”

“ If my entreaty were all fulfilled,” replied I to him, “ you would not yet be placed in banishment from human nature ; for in my mind is fixed, and now fills my heart, the dear, good, paternal image of you, when in the world hour by hour you taught me how man makes himself eternal ; and how much I hold it in gratitude, it behoves that while I live should be discerned in my speech. That which you tell of

banks of the Arno, below the mountain on which Faesulae had stood. The new town was named Fiora, *siccome fosse in flora edificata*, “ as though built among flowers,” but afterwards was called Fiorenza, or Florence. See G. Villani, *Cronica*, i. 31-38.

my course I write, and reserve it with other text⁵ to be glossed by a Lady, who will know how, if I attain to her. Thus much would I have manifest to you, that I, provided my conscience chide me not, for Fortune, as she wills, am ready. Such earnest⁶ is not strange unto my ears; therefore let Fortune turn her wheel as pleases her, and the churl his mattock."

My Master thereupon turned backward to his right, and looked at me; then said: "He listens well who notes it."

Not the less for this do I go on speaking with Ser Brunetto, and I ask, who are his most noted and most eminent companions. And he to me: "To know of some is good, of the others it will be laudable for us to be silent, for the time would be short for so much speech. In brief, know that all were clerks, and great men of letters and of great fame, defiled in the world by one same sin. Priscian goes along with that disconsolate crowd, and Francesco d' Accorso;⁸ and thou couldst also have seen

5. v. 89. The prophecy by Ciacco of the fall of Dante's party, Canto vi., and that by Farinata of Dante's exile, Canto x., which Virgil had promised should be made clear to him by Beatrice.

6. v. 94. Such warnings of what is to come.

7. v. 99. Who lays to heart what is said.

8. v. 109. Priscian, the famous grammarian of the sixth

there, hadst thou had hankering for such scurf, him who was translated by the Servant of Servants from the Arno to the Bacchiglione, where he left his ill-strained nerves.⁹ Of more would I tell, but my going on and my speech cannot be longer, for I see yonder a new smoke rising from the sand.¹⁰ Folk come with whom I must not be. Let my Treasure,¹¹ in which I still am living, be commended to thee, and more I ask not."

Then he turned back, and seemed of those who run across the plain at Verona for the green cloth,¹² and of these he seemed the one that wins, and not he that loses.

century; Francesco, a jurist of much repute in his time, who taught at Oxford and at Bologna, and died in 1294; he was son of the more eminent Accorso whose "Perpetual Comment" is still known to students of the Roman Law.

9. v. 114. Andrea de' Mozzi, bishop of Florence, who because of his scandalous life was translated by Boniface VIII. to the less conspicuous bishopric of Vicenza, through which city the Bacchiglione runs. He died in 1296.

10. v. 117. Smoke rising from the flames that burn the bodies of another troop of the sinners.

11. v. 119. That is, *Li Livres dou Tresor*, 'the treasure' of knowledge.

12. v. 122. The prize in the annual races at Verona.

CANTO XVI

The Seventh Circle, third round: those who have done violence to Nature. — Guido Guerra, Tegghiaio Aldobrandi and Jacopo Rusticucci. — The roar of Phlegethon as it pours downward. — The cord thrown into the abyss.

I WAS now in a place where the resounding of the water which was falling into the next circle was heard, like that hum which the beehives make, when three shades together separated themselves, as they ran, from a troop that was passing under the rain of the bitter torment. They came toward us, and each cried out: "Stop thou, who by thy garb seemest to us to be one from our wicked city!"

Ah me! what wounds I saw upon their limbs, recent and old, burnt in by the flames; it grieves me still for them but to remember it.

My Teacher gave heed to their cries; he turned his face toward me, and: "Now wait," he said; "to these one should be courteous, and were it not for the fire which the nature of the place shoots forth, I should say that haste better befitted thee than them."

As we stopped, they began again the old verse,¹ and when they had reached us they all three made a wheel of themselves. As champions, naked and oiled, are wont to do, watching for their grip and their vantage, before they exchange blows and thrusts, thus, wheeling, each directed his face on me, so that his neck was making continuous journey in contrary direction to his feet.

“And if the wretchedness of this soft place² bring us and our prayers into contempt,” began one, “and our darkened and scorched aspect, let our fame incline thy mind to tell us who thou art, that so securely rubbest thy living feet through Hell. He whose tracks thou seest me trample, although he go naked and stripped of skin, was of greater degree than thou thinkest. He was grandson of the good Gualdrada; his name was Guido Guerra, and in his life he did much with wisdom and with the sword. The other who treads the sand behind me is Tegghiaio Aldobrandi, whose reputation should be cherished in the world above. And I, who am set with them on the cross, was Jacopo Rusticucci,³ and surely my savage wife more than aught else injures me.”

1. v. 20. The wonted burden of their lamentation.
See xiv. 20.

2. v. 20. Soft with its loose sand.

3. v. 44. Concerning Tegghiaio and Rusticucci Dante

If I had been sheltered from the fire I should have cast myself below among them, and I believe that the Teacher would have permitted it; but because I should have been burnt and baked, fear overcame my good will which made me greedy to embrace them. Then I began: "Not contempt, but grief, did your condition fix within me, such that slowly will it be all divested, soon as this my Lord said to me words by which I bethought me that such folk as ye are were coming. I am of your city; and I have always rehearsed and heard with affection your deeds and honored names. I am leaving the gall, and going for sweet fruits promised to me by my veracious Leader; but far as to the centre I needs must first descend."

"So may thy soul long direct thy limbs," replied he then, "and so may thy fame shine after thee, say if courtesy and valor abide in our city as of wont, or if they have quite gone forth from it? For Guglielmo Borsiere,⁴ who

had enquired of Ciacco, Canto vi. 79, 80. Tegghiaio and Guido Guerra were illustrious citizens of Florence in the thirteenth century; of Rusticucci little is known. The good Gualdrada, famed for her beauty and her modesty, was the daughter of Messer Bellincione Berti, referred to in Cantos xv. and xvi. of *Paradise* as one of the early worthies of the city. See G. Villani, *Cronica*, v. 37.

4. v. 70. Nothing is known from contemporary record of Borsiere, but Boccaccio tells a good story of him in the *Decameron*, i. 8.

is in torment with us but short while, and is going yonder with our companions, afflicts us greatly with his words."

"The new people and the sudden gains⁵ have engendered pride and excess, Florence, in thee, so that already thou weepest therefor." Thus I cried with uplifted face, and the three, who understood this for answer, looked one at the other, as one looks at truth.

"If other times it costs thee so little," replied they all, "to satisfy others, happy thou if thus thou speakest at thy pleasure.⁶ Wherefore, if thou escapest from these dark places, and returnest to see again the beautiful stars, when it shall rejoice thee to say, 'I have been,' mind thou tell of us to the people." Then they broke the wheel, and in flying their swift legs seemed wings.

An amen could not have been said so quickly as they had disappeared: wherefore it seemed well to my Master to depart. I followed him, and we had gone little way before the sound of the water was so near to us, that had we spoken we had scarce been heard. As that river which first from Monte Viso holds

5. v. 73. Florence had grown rapidly in population and in wealth during the last years of the thirteenth century.

6. v. 81. Without constraint, and without peril from thy frank speech.

its own course toward the east, on the left flank of the Apennine, — which is called Acquacheta up above, before it sinks down into its low bed, and at Forlì has lost that name,⁷— reverberates in falling from the alp with a single leap there above San Benedetto, where ought to be shelter for a thousand ;⁸ thus, down from a precipitous bank, we found that dark water resounding, so that in short while it would have hurt the ears.

I had a cord girt around me, and with it I had once thought to take the leopard of the painted skin.⁹ After I had loosed it wholly

7. v. 99. The river which in its upper course was called Acquacheta, or Stillwater, when it reached Forlì, was called the Montone or Ram ; it was the first of the rivers on the left of the Apennines that had its independent course to the Adriatic, which it entered near Ravenna ; the others being tributaries of the Po, which rises on Monte Viso.

8. v. 102. The fall was near the monastery of San Benedetto, and the common explanation of these obscure words is, that the monastery ought to have contained more monks than it actually held.

9. v. 108. The leopard of the painted skin, which had often turned back Dante from the Mountain to the Dark Wood (see Canto i.) ; the type of sensual sin. The cord symbolises the human means, the ascetic vows or whatsoever else, on which Dante had relied to capture and subdue the beast. But now that he has been led through the circles in which the penalties of lust are exacted, and has learned the lesson of resistance, the cord is no longer needed ; some signal is required to summon Geryon, and Virgil uses the now needless cord for the purpose.

from me, as my Leader had commanded me, I reached it to him gathered up and coiled. Whereon he turned toward the right, and threw it, somewhat far from the edge, down into that deep gulf. "And surely," said I to myself, "it must be that some novelty respond to the novel signal which the Master so follows with his eye."

Ah! how cautious ought men to be near those who see not only the deed, but with their wisdom look within the thoughts! He said to me: "That which I await will soon come up, and what thy thought is dreaming must soon discover itself to thy sight."

A man ought always to close his lips so far as he can to that truth which has the aspect of falsehood, because without fault it causes shame;¹⁰ but here I cannot be silent, and Reader, I swear to thee, by the notes of this comedy, — so may they not be void of lasting grace, — that I saw through that thick and dark air a shape marvelous to every steadfast heart come swimming upwards, like as he returns who goes down sometimes to loose an anchor that grapples either a rock or aught else which is hidden in the sea, who stretches upward, and draws in his feet.

10. v. 126. Because the narrator is falsely taxed with falsehood.

CANTO XVII

Third round of the Seventh Circle: of those who have done violence to Art. — Geryon. — The Usurers. — Descent to the Eighth Circle.

“BEHOLD the wild beast with the pointed tail, that passes mountains, and breaks walls and weapons; behold him that infects all the world.”¹ Thus began my Leader to speak to me; and he beckoned to him that he should come to shore near the end of the marbles we had walked on.² And that loathsome image of fraud came onward, and landed his head and his bust, but did not draw up his tail on the bank. His face was the face of a just man (so benignant the skin it had outwardly), and all his trunk was of a serpent; he had two paws, hairy to the armpits; his back and his breast and both his sides were painted with nooses and

1. v. 3. Dante makes Geryon the type and image of Fraud, thus allegorizing the triple form (*forma tricorporis umbræ: Aeneid, vi. 289; tergemini Geryonæ: Id. viii. 292*) ascribed to him by the ancient poets.

2. v. 6. The stony margin of Phlegethon, on which Virgil and Dante have crossed the sand.

rings. Tartars or Turks never made cloth with more colors of groundwork and pattern, nor were such webs laid on the loom by Arachne.

As sometimes boats lie on the shore, and are partly in water and partly on the ground, and as yonder, among the gluttonous Germans, the beaver settles himself to make his war,³ so lay that worst of beasts upon the edge of stone which closes in the sand. In the void all his tail was quivering, twisting upwards its venomous fork, which in guise of a scorpion armed the point.

The Leader said: "Now needs must our way bend a little toward that wicked beast which is couching yonder." Therefore we descended on the right hand side and took ten steps upon the verge in order completely to avoid the sand and the flamelets. And when we had come to him, I see, a little farther on, people sitting upon the sand near to the empty space.⁴

Here the Master said to me: "In order that thou mayst carry away quite full experience of

3. v. 22. With his tail in the water to attract his prey, as was popularly believed.

4. v. 36. These people seated on the edge of the pit are of the third class of sinners punished in this round of the Seventh Circle, those who have done violence to Art, the usurers. (See Canto xi. 94-111.)

this round, now go and see their condition. Let thy talk there be brief; until thou returnest I will speak with this beast, that it may concede to us its strong shoulders."

Thus, further up along the extreme head of that seventh circle, all alone I went where the sad people were sitting. Their woe was bursting forth through their eyes; now here, now there they made help with their hands, sometimes against the vapors,⁵ and sometimes against the hot soil. Not otherwise do the dogs in summer, now with muzzle, now with paws, when they are bitten either by fleas, or flies, or gad-flies. When I set my eyes on the face of certain of those on whom the grievous fire falls, I did not recognize one of them;⁶ but I perceived that from the neck of each was hanging a pouch, which had a certain color and a certain device,⁷ and therewith it seems their eye is fed. And as I come gazing among them, I saw upon a yellow purse azure which had the face and bearing of a lion.⁸ Then as the current

5. v. 48. The falling flakes of flame.

6. v. 54. Dante thus indicates that they were not worthy to be known.

7. v. 56. The blazon of their arms, by which Dante learns who they are, not nobly borne upon the shield, but basely on the purse.

8. v. 60. In heraldic terms, *or*, a lion's face *azure*,

of my look proceeded, I saw another, red as blood, display a goose whiter than butter. And one, who had his little white sack marked with an azure and gravid sow,⁹ said to me: "What art thou doing in this ditch? Now get thee gone: and since thou art still alive, know that my neighbor, Vitaliano, will sit here at my left side. With these Florentines am I, a Paduan; often they stun my ears, shouting: 'Let the sovereign cavalier come who will bring the pouch with the three beaks.'"¹⁰ Then he twisted his mouth, and thrust out his tongue, like an ox that licks its nose. And I, fearing lest longer stay might vex him who had admonished me to stay but little, turned back from these weary souls.

I found my Leader, who had already mounted upon the croup of the fierce animal, and he said to me: "Now be thou strong and courageous; henceforth the descent is by such

the armorial bearings of the Gianfigliuzzi, a Guelf family of Florence; the next, *gules*, a goose *argent* were those of the Ubriachi, Ghibellines, also of Florence.

9. v. 64. *Argent*, a sow in brood *azure*, the arms of the Scrovigni of Padua. The sow, *scrofa*, is an instance of canting heraldry.

10. v. 73. One Giovanni Buiamonte of Florence, "who surpassed all others of the time in usury," says Benvenuto da Imola. The shield of the Buiamonti bore three beaks of eagles.

stairs ;" mount thou in front, for I wish to be between, so that the tail cannot do harm."

As is he who has the shivering fit of the quartan so near that his nails are already pale, and he is all of a tremble only looking at the shade, such I became at these uttered words : but his exhortations wrought shame in me, which in presence of a good lord makes a servant strong.

I seated myself on those huge shoulders. "So do," I wished to say, but the voice came not as I thought, "that thou embrace me." But he who other time had succored me, in other chance, soon as I mounted, clasped me and sustained me with his arms ; and he said : "Geryon, move on now ; let thy circles be wide, and thy descending slow ; consider the novel burden that thou hast."

As the little vessel goes from its place, backward, backward, so he thence withdrew ; and when he felt himself quite at play, he turned his tail to where his breast had been, and moved it stretched out like an eel, and with his paws gathered the air to himself. Greater fear I do not think there was when Phaëthon abandoned the reins, whereby heaven, as is still apparent,¹² was scorched ; nor when the

11. v. 82. Not by foot nor by boat as heretofore, but carried by living ministers of Hell.

12. v. 108. In the Milky Way.

wretched Icarus felt his loins unfeathering by the melted wax, his father crying to him : " Ill way thou holdest," than mine was, when I saw that I was in the air on every side, and saw every sight vanished, except that of the beast. It goes along swimming slowly, slowly, wheels and descends, but I perceive it not, save for the wind upon my face, and from below.

I heard now on the right hand the gulf¹³ making beneath us a horrible din ; wherefore I stretch out my head, with my eyes downward. Then I became more terrified at the precipice, because I saw fires and heard laments ; whereat I, trembling, all the closer cling. And I saw then, for I had not seen them before, the descending and the circling, by the great evils which were drawing near on divers sides.¹⁴

As the falcon which has been long on wing, that, without sight of lure or bird, makes the falconer say: " Ah me, thou stoopest ! " descends weary, whence it started swiftly, through a hundred circles, and alights disdainful and sullen far from its master ; so Geryon set us at the bottom, at the very foot of the rough hewn rock, and, disburdened of our persons, vanished as arrow from the bowstring.

13. v. 111. Into which the red stream is falling.

14. v. 126. The fires as they came into sight from different points, and the wailings as they struck the ear, were terrifying signs by which the circling descent could be noted.

CANTO XVIII

Eighth Circle : the fraudulent ; the first pouch : panders and seducers. — Venedico Caccianimico. — Jason. — Second valley : false flatterers. — Alessio Interminai. — Thais.

THERE is a place in Hell called Malebolge,¹ all of stone and of the color of iron, as is the circular wall that environs it. Right in the middle of this malign field yawns a very wide and deep pit, the structure of which I will tell of in its place. That belt, therefore, which remains between the pit and the foot of the high hard bank is circular, and it has its bed divided into ten valleys. Such a figure as where, for guard

I. v. I. In the Eighth Circle the sinners are punished who belong to the first of the two classes of the fraudulent (see Canto xi. 52-66), that is, those who practised deceit upon persons who had no ground for special confidence in them. Its bed, which slopes gradually from the wall that environs it to the central pit of Hell, is occupied by ten deep concentric valleys, called *bolge*. *Bolgia* signifies, literally, a budget, or pouch ; and *Malebolge*, evil pouches. The term is adopted by Dante as a contemptuous, picturesque metaphor for these valleys in which the sinners are pouched up. Each pouch contains one or more special orders of the fraudulent.

of the walls, very many moats encircle castles, the place where they are presents, such image did these make here. And as in such strongholds from their thresholds to the outer bank are little bridges, so from the base of the cliff ran crags which traversed the embankments and the moats² far as the pit which cuts them off and collects them.³

In this place we found ourselves, shaken off from the back of Geryon; and the Poet held to the left, and I moved on behind. On the right hand I saw new woe, new torments, and new scourgers, with which the first pouch was replete. At its bottom were the sinners naked; on this side the middle they came facing us⁴; on the further side along with us, but with greater steps. As the Romans, because of the great host in the year of the Jubilee,⁵ have taken means for the passage of the

2. v. 17. The *bolge*.

3. v. 18. As the nave of a wheel collects and cuts off the spokes.

4. v. 26. In their long circling course round the *bolgia*, the panders, going in opposite direction to the poets, came facing them; on the further side the seducers were taking the contrary course.

5. v. 29. The year 1299-1300. The Jubilee was instituted by Boniface VIII., who issued a Bull granting plenary indulgence for a year from Christmas, 1299, to all pilgrims to Rome who should spend fifteen days in the city, visit the

people over the bridge, so that on one side all have their front toward the Castle,⁶ and go to Saint Peter's, and on the other rim toward the Mount.⁷

Along the gloomy rock, on this side and on that, I saw horned demons with great whips, who were beating them cruelly from behind.⁸ Ah, how they made them lift their heels at the first blows! truly not one waited for the second, or the third.

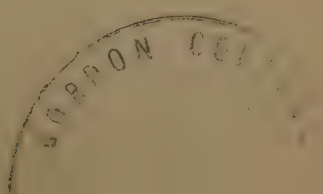
While I was going on, my eyes were encountered by one, and I said straightway thus: "Ere now for sight of him I have not fasted;"

churches of St. Peter and St. Paul, and should confess and repent their sins. The throng of pilgrims from all parts of Europe was enormous, and among other precautions for their safety was that here alluded to, a barrier erected lengthwise along the bridge of Sant' Angelo, in order that the crowd going to and coming from St. Peter's might pass in opposite directions without interference.

6. v. 32. Of Sant' Angelo.

7. v. 33. The Capitoline.

8. v. 36. The fiends hitherto met with in Hell have mainly been figures derived from classical mythology, as Charon, the Furies, the Centaurs, Geryon, and others. None of them, with the exception of the brute Cerberus, have had part in the tormenting of the sinners. The Centaurs shot their arrows only at those who lifted themselves too much out of the river of blood. But in this valley, and in the fifth and ninth, the demons are the creatures of Hell, and administers of its torments.



wherefore to shape him out I stayed my feet, and the sweet Leader stopped with me, and assented to my going somewhat back. And that scourged one thought to conceal himself by lowering his face, but it availed him little, for I said: "Thou that castest thine eye upon the ground, if the features that thou bearest are not false, art Venedico Caccianimico; but what brings thee to such stinging *Salse*?"⁹

And he to me: "Unwillingly I tell it, but thy plain speech compels me, which makes me remember the old world. I was he who brought the beautiful Ghisola¹⁰ to do the will of the Marquis, however the shameful tale may be reported. And not the only Bolognese do I weep here; nay, this place is so full of them, that so many tongues are not now taught between Savena and the Reno to say *sipa*;¹¹ and if of this thou wishest assurance

9. v. 51. *Salse*, the name of a ravine near Bologna, into which the bodies of criminals were thrown. There is perhaps a play on the word *salse* as meaning 'sauces.'

10. v. 55. His own sister; the unseemly tale is known only through Dante and his fourteenth-century commentators, and the latter, while agreeing that the Marquis was one of the Esti of Ferrara, do not agree as to which of them he was. Venedico was a man of note, and for a time Podestà of Pistoia, where Dante may have seen him.

11. v. 61. Bologna lies between the Savena and the Reno; *sipa* is the Bolognese provincialism for *sia*.

or testimony, bring to mind our avaricious breasts." As he spoke thus a demon struck him with his thong and said: "Begone, pander, here are no women for coining."

I rejoined my Escort; then with few steps we came to where a crag jutted from the bank.¹² We ascended it easily enough, and turning to the right¹³ upon its ridge, from those eternal encircling walls¹⁴ we departed.

When we were there where it¹⁵ opens below to give passage to the scourged, the Leader said: "Wait, and let the sight strike on thee of these others born to ill, of whom thou hast not yet seen the face, because they have gone along together with us."

From the old bridge we looked at the train that was coming toward us on the other side, and which the scourge in like manner drives

12. v. 68. Forming one of the bridges thrown like an arch across the valley, and extending from bank to bank of the successive *bolge*.

13. v. 71. Thus far in the Eighth Circle the poets had been walking to the left between the high wall and the first *bolgia*, and they consequently turn to the right to cross the bridge.

14. v. 72. The walls enclosing the whole Eighth Circle, forming the precipice circling the gulf down which Geryon had borne the poets.

15. v. 73. Where the craggy bridge forms an arch over the *bolgia*.

on. The good Master, without my asking, said to me: "Look at that great one who is coming, and seems not to shed a tear for pain. What royal aspect he still retains! He is Ja-son, who by courage and by wit despoiled the Colchians of their ram. He passed by the isle of Lemnos, after the bold pitiless women had given all their males to death. There with tokens and with ornate words he deceived Hypsipyle, the maiden, who first had deceived all the others. There he left her big with child, and lonely; such guilt condemns him to such torment; and also for Medea is vengeance wrought.¹⁶ With him goes whoever in such wise deceives. And let this suffice to know of the first valley, and of those that it holds in its fangs."

We were now where the narrow path intersects with the second embankment, and makes of that abutments for another arch. From there we heard people whining in the next pouch, and puffing with their muzzles, and beating themselves with their palms. The banks were encrusted with a mould by the breath from below

16. v. 95. In the fifth book of the *Thebaid* Statius makes Hypsipyle tell in full her own story; another source of it familiar to Dante was Ovid's *Heroides*, ep. vi. From the same source (ep. xii.) and from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (lib. viii.) he had the story of Medea.

which sticks on them, and was making quarrel with the eyes and with the nose. The bottom is so hollowed out that no place suffices us for seeing it, without mounting to the crown of the arch where the crag rises highest. Hither we came, and thence I saw down in the ditch people plunged in a filth that seemed to have come from human privies.

And while I am searching down there with my eye, I saw one with his head so foul with ordure that it was not apparent whether he were layman or clerk. He shouted to me: "Why art thou so greedy to look more at me than at the other filthy ones?" And I to him: "Because, if I remember rightly, ere now I have seen thee with dry hair, and thou art Alessio Interminei of Lucca;¹⁷ therefore I eye thee more than all the rest." And he then, beating his pate: "Down here the flatteries wherewith I never had my tongue cloyed have submerged me."

Hereupon my Leader said to me: "Mind thou push thy look a little further forwards so that thou mayest quite reach with thine eyes the face of that dirty and disheveled wench, who is scratching herself there with her nasty nails, and now is crouching down and now standing or

17. v. 122. Of him little is known but what these words tell.

foot. She is Thais the harlot, who answered her paramour when he said: 'Have I great thanks from thee?' — 'Nay, marvelous.'¹⁸ And herewith let our sight be satisfied."

18. v. 135. These words are from Terence, *Eunuchus*, iii. 1, but Dante had found them in Cicero, who cites them in his *De Amicitia*, cxxvi. § 98, as an example of the language of flattery. In Cicero's citation it does not clearly appear by whom the words are spoken, and Dante attributes to Thais what in the play is actually spoken by Gnatho. See Moore, *Studies in Dante*, i. 261.

CANTO XIX

Eighth Circle : third pouch : simonists. — Pope Nicholas III.

O SIMON MAGUS,¹ O wretched followers, because ye, rapacious, do prostitute for gold and silver the things of God which ought to be the brides of righteousness, now it behoves for you the trumpet sound, since ye are in the third pouch.

We were now at the next tomb,² having mounted on that part of the crag which hangs plumb just over the middle of the ditch. O Supreme Wisdom, how great is the art which Thou dost display in heaven, on earth, and in the evil world ! and how justly does Thy Power apportion !

Upon the sides and upon the bottom, I saw the livid stone full of holes all of one size, and each was circular. They seemed to me not less wide nor larger than those that in my beautiful Saint John are made for place of the

1. v. 1. See *Acts* viii. 9-24.

2. v. 7. The next *bolgia*.

baptizers;³ one of which, not many years ago, I broke for the sake of one who was stifling in it: and let this be the seal to undeceive all men.⁴

Forth from the mouth of each were protruding the feet of a sinner, and his legs up to the calf, and the rest was within. Both the soles of all of them were on fire, because of which their joints were twitching so hard that they would have snapped ropes and withes. As the flaming of things oiled is wont to move only on the outer surface, so was it there from the heels to the toes.

“Who is he, Master, who torments himself, twitching more than the others his consorts,” said I, “and whom a ruddier flame is sucking?” And he to me: “If thou wilt that I carry thee down there by that bank which is the more

3. v. 17. “My beautiful Saint John” is the Baptistery of Florence. In Dante’s time the infants, born during the year, were all here baptized by immersion, mostly on the day of St. John Baptist, the 24th of June. There was a large circular font in the middle of the church, and around it in its marble wall were four cylindrical standing-places, closed by doors, to protect the ministering priests from the pressure of the crowd.

4. v. 21. Some details of this incident are given by Benvenuto, and in the so-called *Comento Anonimo*, concerning which, it is to be inferred from the words of the poet, there had been false reports to Dante’s discredit.

sloping,⁵ from him thou shalt know of himself and of his wrongs." And I: "Whatever pleases thee is to my liking: thou art Lord, and knowest that I part me not from thy will, and thou knowest that which is unspoken."

Then we went upon the fourth embankment, turned, and descended on the left hand, down to the bottom pierced with holes, and narrow. The good Master set me not yet down from his haunch, till he brought me to the cleft of him who was thus lamenting with his shanks.

"O wretched soul, whoso thou art, that keep'st upside down, planted like a stake," I began to say, "say a word, if thou canst." I was standing like the friar who confesses the perfidious assassin,⁶ who, after he is fixed, recalls him, in order to delay his death.

And he⁷ cried out: "Art thou already stand-

5. v. 35. We are told later, Canto xxiv. 37-40, that all Malebolge slopes toward the central pit of Hell, and since the floor of each *bolgia* is level, it follows that the inner wall of each is lower than the outer.

6. v. 50. Such criminals were sometimes punished by being set, head downwards, in a hole in which they were buried alive.

7. v. 52. This is Nicholas III., pope from 1277 to 1280. "He was the first Pope, or one of the first," says Villani, *Cronica*, vii. 54, "in whose court simony was openly practised." He takes Dante to be Boniface VIII.,

ing there? Art thou already standing there, Boniface? By several years the writing lied to me. Art thou so quickly sated with that having, for which thou didst not fear to seize by guile the beautiful Lady,⁸ and then to do her outrage?"

Such I became as those who, through not comprehending that which is replied to them, stand as if mocked, and know not what to answer.

Then Virgil said: "Tell him quickly, I am not he, I am not he that thou thinkest." And I answered as was enjoined on me; whereat the spirit writhed violently both his feet; then, sighing and with tearful voice, he said to me: "What then dost thou want of me? If to know who I am concern thee so much that thou hast therefore come down the bank, know that I was vested with the Great Mantle:⁹ and ver-

but Boniface was not to die till 1303. What Nicholas says of the writing, that is of the book of the future, corresponds with Farinata's statement (Canto x. 100-108), concerning the foresight of the damned.

8. v. 57. The Church, — the Bride of Christ, — which Boniface had seized by guile, through the deceit that he was charged with practising on Celestine V. in order to obtain the Papacy, and to which he had done outrage in many modes, but especially by his simoniacal practices.

9. v. 69. The papal mantle, with which upon his election a Pope was invested. Cf. Canto ii. 27.

ily I was a son of the She-Bear,¹⁰ so eager to advance the cubs, that up there I put wealth, and here myself, into the purse. Beneath my head are the others that preceded me in simony, dragged down flattened through the fissures of the rock. Down there shall I in my turn sink, when he shall come whom I believed that thou wast, then when I put my sudden question; but already the time is longer that I have cooked my feet, and that I have been thus upside down, than he will stay planted with his feet red; for after him will come from westward, a shepherd without law,¹¹ of uglier deed, such as befits to cover him and me. A new Jason will he be, of whom it is read in Maccabees;¹² and as to

10. v. 70. Nicholas was of the Orsini family, whose cognizance was a she-bear, *orsa*.

11. v. 83. Bertrand de Goth, a native of Gascony, who after the short pontificate of Benedict XI., the immediate successor of Boniface VIII., was elected Pope in 1305, and who died in 1314, a little more than ten years after the death of Boniface. Nicholas had already, at the time of Dante's interview with him, "cooked his feet" for twenty years, and was to cook them still for more than three years before the arrival of Boniface to take his place. The prophecy of the death of Clement shows that this canto was not written till after 1314. In 1309 Clement transferred the Papal See to Avignon; this was a deed "without law," and he was beside noted for cupidity, simony, and licentiousness. Cf. *Paradise*, xxx. 142-148.

12. v. 86. Clement is compared to Jason, "that un-

that one his king was compliant, so to this one he who rules France shall be."

I know not if here I was too foolhardy that I answered him only in this strain: "Pray now tell me, how much treasure did our Lord require of Saint Peter before he placed the keys in his keeping? Surely he asked nothing save: 'Follow thou me.'¹³ Nor did Peter or the others take gold or silver of Matthias, when he was chosen by lot to the place which the guilty soul had lost."¹⁴ Therefore stay thou, for thou art rightly punished, and guard well the ill-gotten money that made thee bold against Charles.¹⁵ And were it not that reverence for the supreme keys which thou heldest in the glad life even now forbids it to me, I would use still heavier godly wretch and no high-priest," who bought the high-priesthood from King Antiochus (see 2 *Maccabees* iv.), because in order to obtain the Papacy he, like Jason, "laboured underhand" and secured his election by his promises to Philip the Fair (Philip IV.) of France, who held control of the Papal conclave.

13. v. 93. See *Matthew* xvi. 19, and *John* xxi. 19-22.

14. v. 96. See *Acts* i. 15-26.

15. v. 99. Charles of Anjou. The Pope was charged with having been bribed to favor the conspiracy to expel the French from Sicily, which came to a head, more than a year after his death, in the Sicilian Vespers, in March, 1282. It is not the Pope's enmity to Charles for which Dante rebukes him, but for his greed of money.

words; for your¹⁶ avarice afflicts the world, trampling down the good and exalting the bad. Ye shepherds the Evangelist had in mind, when she that sitteth upon the waters was seen by him to fornicate with kings: she that was born with the seven heads, and from the ten horns had argument,¹⁷ so long as virtue pleased her spouse.¹⁸ Ye have made you a god of gold and silver:¹⁹ and what else is there between you and the idolaters save that they worship one, and ye a hundred? Ah Constantine! of how much ill was mother, not thy conversion, but that dowry which the first rich Father took from thee!”²⁰

16. v. 104. The plural “your” refers to the pastors of the Church in general.

17. v. 110. Argument, that is, evidence, witness, or proof.

18. v. 111. Dante deals freely with the figures of the Apocalypse: *Revelation* xvii. The woman here stands for the Church; her seven heads may be interpreted as the Seven Sacraments, and her ten horns as the Commandments; her spouse is the Pope.

19. v. 112. “Of their silver and their gold have they made them idols.” *Hosea* viii. 4.

20. v. 117. The reference is to the so-called Donation of Constantine, the authenticity of which was generally believed in, till its forgery was conclusively exposed about 1450 by Laurentius Valla. Milton translates these verses: —

“Ah Constantine! of how much ill was cause
Not thy conversion, but those rich domains
That the first wealthy Pope received of thee.”

Of Reformation in England, Book I.

And, while I was singing these notes to him, whether anger or conscience stung him, he was kicking hard with both his feet. I believe, indeed, that it pleased my Leader, with so contented look did he all the while give heed to the sound of the true words uttered. Thereupon with both his arms he took me, and when he had me wholly on his breast, remounted along the way whereby he had descended. Nor did he tire of holding me clasped to him, till he had thus borne me up to the top of the arch which is the passage from the fourth to the fifth embankment. Here he gently laid down his burden, gently because of the rugged and steep crag, which would be a difficult pass for goats. Thence another great valley was discovered to me.

This passage (vv. 106-117) was, by order of the Spanish Inquisition, expurgated from copies of the Divine Comedy introduced into Spanish territory.

CANTO XX

Eighth Circle : fourth pouch : diviners, soothsayers, and magicians. — Amphiaraus. — Tiresias. — Aruns. — Manto. — Eurypylus. — Michael Scott. — Asdente.

OF a new punishment it behoves me to make verses, and give material to the twentieth canto of the first lay, which is of the sub-merged.¹

I was now wholly in position to look into the uncovered depth which was bathed with tears of anguish, and I saw folk come, silent and weeping, along the great circular valley, at the pace which the litanies² make in this world. As my sight descended lower on them,³ each appeared marvelously distorted between the chin and the beginning of the chest ; for their face was turned toward their reins, and they must needs go backwards, because looking for-

1. v. 3. Plunged into the misery of Hell.

2. v. 9. Religious processions chanting litanies as they move with slow steps.

3. v. 10. As they came closer to the bridge so that Dante saw them more nearly beneath him.

ward was taken from them. Perhaps indeed by force of palsy some one has been thus completely twisted, but I never saw it, nor do I believe it can be.

So may God let thee, Reader, gather fruit from thy reading, now think for thyself how I could keep my face dry, when close at hand I saw our image so contorted that the weeping of the eyes bathed the buttocks along the cleft. Truly I wept, leaning on one of the rocks of the hard crag, so that my Guide said to me: "Art thou even yet among the other fools?"⁴ Here pity lives when it is quite dead.⁵ Who is more criminal than he who brings passion to the Divine Judgment?⁶ Lift up thy head, lift up, and

4. v. 27. After all that thou hast seen.

5. v. 28. It is impossible to give the full significance of Dante's words in a literal translation, owing to the double meaning of *pietà* in the original.

"Qui vive la pietà quando è ben morta:"

that is: "Here liveth piety when pity is quite dead." A similar play upon the word occurs in *Par.* iv. 105, where Beatrice, speaking of Alcmaeon, says: "Per non perder pietà si fe spietato," "In order not to lose piety he pitiless became."

6. v. 30. Who is more criminal than he in whom the judgments of God arouse passionate feelings of pity? St. Thomas Aquinas (*S. T. Suppl.* xciv. 3) concludes that the saints in heaven will rejoice in the sufferings of the damned *per accidens*, contemplating in them the divine justice and their own deliverance from them, and cites, as authority for

see him⁷ for whom the earth opened before the eyes of the Thebans, whereat they all shouted: 'Whither art thou rushing, Amphiaras? Why dost thou leave the war?' And he stopped not from falling headlong down far as Minos, who lays hold on every one. Look, how he has made a breast of his shoulders! Because he wished to see too far before him, he looks behind and goes a backward path.

"Behold Tiresias,⁸ who changed semblance, when from male he became female, transforming all his members; and afterwards he was obliged to strike again with his rod the two

this opinion, the words of *Psalm* lviii. 10: "The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance." Virgil has not rebuked Dante for feeling compassion for individual sinners suffering the penalty of sin (see Cantos v. 72, 93, 117; xv. 79; xvi. 52), but he rebukes him here, because his tears are shed not from sympathy with a special sinner, but at the mere sight of the punishment, which, being the evidence of the justice of God, ought not to awaken pity.

7. v. 31. Amphiaras, one of the seven kings who besieged Thebes; he was an augur and prophet. Dante found his story in Statius, *Thebais*, vii. 690-823.

8. v. 40. The Theban soothsayer. Dante had learned of him from Ovid, *Metam.*, iii. 320 *sqq.* The story concerning him to which Dante refers is that he saw a male and female serpent together, and striking them with his staff killed the female, whereon he himself was transformed to a woman. Seven years later he again saw two serpents, and now killing the male became again a man.

entwined serpents, ere he could regain his masculine plumage. He who has his back to this one's belly is Aruns,⁹ who on the mountains of Luni (where grubs the man of Carrara who dwells below) had a cave for his abode among white marbles, whence for looking at the stars and the sea his view was not cut off.

"And she who with her loose tresses covers her breasts, which thou dost not see, and has on that side all her hairy skin, was Manto,¹⁰ who roamed through many lands, then settled there where I was born; whereof it pleases me that thou listen a little to me. After her father had departed from life, and the city of Bacchus¹¹ had become enslaved, she wandered long while through the world. Up in fair Italy, at foot of the alp which shuts in Germany above Tyrol, lies a lake which is called Benaco.¹² By a thousand founts, I think, and more, between Garda and Val Camonica, Apennino¹³ is bathed by the water which settles

9. v. 46. An Etruscan soothsayer of whom Lucan tells, —

"Aruns incoluit desertae moenia Lunae."

Phars., i. 586.

10. v. 55. The daughter of Tiresias, and herself a prophetess, of whom Virgil, Ovid, and Statius all tell.

11. v. 59. Thebes.

12. v. 63. Now Lago di Garda.

13. v. 65. Not the chain of the Apennines, but said to be the proper name of a special mountain in this locality.

in that lake. A place is in the middle there, where the Trentine Pastor and he of Brescia and the Veronese might each give his blessing if he took that road.¹⁴ Peschiera, a fair and strong fortress, to front the Brescians and Bergamasques, sits where the shore round about is lowest. There that which in the bosom of Benaco cannot stay must needs all pour forth, and it becomes a river down through green pastures. Soon as the water gathers head to run, it is no longer called Benaco, but Mincio, far as Governo, where it falls into the Po. It has no long course before it finds a flat, on which it spreads, and makes a marsh, and is apt at times in summer to be noisome. Passing that way, the savage virgin saw land in the middle of the fen, without culture and bare of inhabitants. There, to avoid all human fellowship, she stayed with her servants to practice her arts, and lived, and left there her body empty. Afterward the men who were scattered round about gathered to that place, which was strong because of the fen which it had on all sides. They built the city over those dead bones, and for her, who first had chosen the place, they called it Mantua, without other augury. Formerly its people were more thick

14. v. 69. A point in the lake where the three dioceses meet.

within it, before the stupidity of Casalodi had been tricked by Pinamonte.¹⁵ Therefore I instruct thee that if thou ever hearest that my city had other origin, no falsehood may defraud the truth."

And I: "Master, thy discourses are so certain to me, and so lay hold on my faith, that the others would be to me as spent coals. But tell me of the people who are going onward, if thou seest any one of them worthy of note; for only to that does my mind revert."

Then he said to me: "That one, who stretches his beard from his cheek over his dusky shoulders, was an augur when Greece was so emptied of males that they scarcely remained for the cradles, and with Calchas he gave the moment for cutting the first cable at Aulis. Eurypylus was his name, and thus my lofty Tragedy sings him in some place;¹⁶ well

15. v. 96. The Count of Casalodi, being lord of Mantua about 1270, gave ear to the treacherous counsels of Messer Pinamonte de' Buonaccorsi, and after expelling many of the nobles was himself driven from the city, with great slaughter and dispersion of the chief families that had remained.

16. v. 113.

"Suspensi Eurypylum scitantem oracula Phoebi
Mittimus."

Aeneid, ii. 112.

"In doubt we send Eurypylus to consult the oracle of Phoebus," in regard to the departure of the Greeks from

thou knowest this, who knowest the whole of it. That other who is so spare in the flanks was Michael Scot,¹⁷ who verily knew the game of magical deceptions. Behold Guido Bonatti,¹⁸ behold Asdente,¹⁹ who now would wish he had attended to his leather and his thread, but too late repents. Behold the wretched women who left the needle, the spool, and the spindle, and became fortune-tellers; they wrought spells with herbs and with image.

"But come on now, for already Cain with his thorns²⁰ holds the confines of both the Troy. Virgil makes no mention of his being associated with Calchas in determining the moment of departure of the Greek fleet from Aulis.

17. v. 116.

"A wizard of such dreaded fame
; That, when in Salamanca's cave
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame."

Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto ii.

Michael Scot's fame was great in Italy, and he lived for many years with high distinction at the court of the Emperor Frederick II. He died in Scotland about 1250.

18. v. 118. A famous astrologer of Forlì, in the thirteenth century.

19. v. 118. Dante, in the *Convito*, iv. 16, says that if *noble* meant being widely known, then "Asdente, the shoemaker of Parma, would be more noble than any of his fellow-citizens."

20. v. 126. The Man in the Moon, who, according to the Italian version of the old popular legend, was Cain condemned to carry forever a bundle of thorns.

hemispheres, and touches the wave below Seville ; and already yesternight was the moon round ; well shouldst thou remember it, for it did thee no harm sometimes in the deep wood." ²¹ Thus he spoke to me, and we went on the while.

21. v. 129. These words suggest that the moonlight is a symbol of the light of mere human knowledge, a pale and cold reflection of divine truth, but still helpful because of the virtue of its source.

CANTO XXI

Eighth Circle: fifth pouch: barrators. — A magistrate of Lucca. — The Malebranche. — Parley with them.

THUS from bridge to bridge we went, talking of other things, which my Comedy cares not to sing, and were holding the summit,¹ when we stopped to see the next cleft of Malebolge and the next vain lamentations; and I saw it wonderfully dark.

As in the Arsenal of the Venetians, in winter, the sticky pitch for paying their unsound vessels is boiling, because they cannot sail the sea, and, instead thereof, one builds him a new bark, and one caulks the ribs of that which has made many a voyage; one hammers at the prow, and one at the stern; another makes oars, and another twists cordage; and one patches the foresail and the mainsail, — so, not by fire, but by divine art, a thick pitch was boiling there below, which belimed the bank on

1. v. 3. The crown of the arch of the craggy bridge across the fifth *bolgia*.

every side. I saw it, but saw not in it aught but the bubbles which the boiling raised, and all of it swelling up and again settling down compressed.

While I was gazing down there fixedly, my Leader, saying: "Beware! beware!" drew me to himself from the place where I was standing. Then I turned as one who is in haste to see that from which it behoves him to fly, and whom a sudden fear dismays, and who for seeing delays not to depart, and I saw behind us a black devil come running up along the crag. Ah! how fell he was in aspect, and how bitter he seemed to me in act, with his wings open, and light upon his feet! His shoulder, which was sharp and high, was laden by a sinner with both haunches, the sinews of whose feet he held clutched. "O Malebranche² of our bridge," he said, "lo here, one of the Ancients of Saint Zita!³ put him under, for I am returning for still others to that city, which I have furnished well with them; every man there is a barrator,⁴ except Bonturo:⁵ there, for money, out of

2. v. 37. *Malebranche* means "Evil-claws."

3. v. 38. One of the *Anziani*, the chief magistrates of Lucca, whose special protectress was Santa Zita.

4. v. 41. A corrupt official, selling justice or office for bribes.

5. v. 41. Ironical; Bonturo was the chief barrator of them all.

Nay is made Ay." Down he hurled him and turned back along the hard crag, and never mastiff loosed was in such haste to follow a thief.

That one sank under, and rose again doubled up, but the demons that had cover of the bridge cried out: "Here the Holy Face⁶ has no place; here one swims otherwise than in the Serchio;⁷ therefore, if thou dost not want our grapples, make no show above the pitch." Then they pricked him with more than a hundred prongs, and said: "Here thou must dance under cover, so that, if thou canst, thou mayst swindle secretly." Not otherwise do the cooks make their scullions plunge the meat with their hooks into the middle of the cauldron, so that it may not float.

The good Master said to me: "In order that it be not apparent that thou art here, squat down behind a jag, that thou mayst have some screen for thyself, and at any offence that may be done to me be not afraid, for I have knowledge of these things, because once before I was in such a wrangle."

Then he passed on beyond the head of the bridge, and when he arrived upon the sixth bank,

6. v. 48. The *Santo Volto*, an image of Christ upon the cross, ascribed to Nicodemus, still venerated at Lucca.

7. v. 49. The river that runs not far from Lucca.

he had need to have a steadfast front. With that fury and with that storm, with which dogs run out upon the poor wretch, who where he stops suddenly asks alms, they came forth from under the little bridge, and turned against him all their grapples. But he cried out: "Let no one of you be savage; before your hook take hold of me, let one of you come forward that he may hear me, and then take counsel as to grappling me." All cried out: "Let Malacoda⁸ go;" whereon, while the rest stood still, one moved and came to him, saying: "What does this profit him?" "Thinkest thou, Malacoda, to see me come here," said my Master, "safe hitherto from all your hindrances, except by Divine Will and propitious fate? Let me go on, for in Heaven it is willed that I show to another this wild road." Then was his arrogance so fallen that he let the hook drop at his feet, and said to the others: "Now he may not be struck."

And my Leader to me: "O thou that sittest asquat among the splinters of the bridge, return now securely to me." Wherefore I moved and came swiftly to him; and the devils all pressed forward, so that I feared they would not keep compact. And thus I once saw the foot-soldiers afraid, who were coming out from Caprona

8. v. 76. *Malacoda* means "Evil-tail,"

under pledge,⁹ seeing themselves among so many enemies. I drew close with my whole body to my Leader's side, and did not turn my eyes from their look, which was not good. They were lowering their forks, and one was saying to the other: "Wilt thou that I touch him on the rump?" and they were answering: "Yes, see that thou nick it for him." But that demon who was holding speech with my Leader turned round with all haste and said: "Quiet, quiet, Scarmiglione!"

Then he said to us: "Further advance along this crag is not possible, because the sixth arch lies all shattered at the bottom. And if it be still your pleasure to go forward, go on along this ridge; near by is another crag that affords a way."¹⁰ Yesterday, five hours later than this, completed one thousand two hundred and sixty-six years since the way was broken here.¹¹ I am sending thitherward some of these of mine, to see if any one is airing himself;¹²

9. v. 95. In August, 1290, the town of Caprona, on the Arno, surrendered to the Florentine troops, with whom Dante was serving.

10. v. 111. This, as soon appears, is a lie; all the craggy bridges across this *bolgia* are broken.

11. v. 114. By the earthquake at the death of the Saviour who, it was believed, was thirty-four years old at his crucifixion.

12. v. 116. To see if any one of the sinners is showing above the pitch.

go ye with them, for they will not be wicked. Come forward, Alichino and Calcabrina," he began to say, "and thou, Cagnazzo; and Barbariccia, do thou guide the ten. Let Libicocco go also, and Draghignazzo, tusked Ciriatto, and Graffiacane, and Farfarello, and mad Rubicante."¹³ Search round about the boiling pitch; let these be safe far as the next crag, which all unbroken goes over these dens."

"O me! Master, what is this that I see?" said I; "pray, if thou knowest the way, let us go alone without escort, for as for myself I crave it not. If thou art as wary as thou art wont, dost thou not see that they grin, and with their brows threaten harm to us?" And he to me: "I would not have thee afraid; let them grin on at their will, for they are doing it at the boiled sufferers."

13. v. 123. Some of the names of these demons have as plain a significance as *Malacoda*; for example, *Cagnazzo* for *Cagnaccio*, "wretched dog"; *Barbariccia*, "crisp beard"; *Graffiacane*, "scratch dog"; while others suggest a meaning by their composition or their sound, as *Alichino*, "bent wing"; *Rubicante*, "rubicund"; *Scarmiglione*, "dishevelled," and so on. All the names are intended to indicate the semi-comic, contemptible, and yet mischievous and cruel nature of the demons. The images and the diction of this and the next canto are lowered, as if to indicate the extreme contempt of the poet for the sinners in this bolgia. There is a humorous element in the scenes, which relieves the strain of the horror of the cantos which precede and follow.

Upon the left bank they took a turn, but first each had pressed his tongue with his teeth toward their leader as a signal, and he had made a trumpet of his rump.

CANTO XXII

*Eighth Circle : fifth pouch, continued : barrators.
— Ciampolo of Navarre. — Fra Gomita. — Michael Zanche. — Fray of the Malebranche.*

I HAVE seen ere now horsemen moving camp, and beginning an assault, and making their muster, and sometimes retiring for their escape; I have seen foragers over your land, O Aretines, and I have seen the starting of raids, the onset of tournaments, and the running of jousts, now with trumpets, and now with bells, with drums, and with signals from strongholds, and with native things and foreign, — but never to so strange a pipe did I see horsemen or footmen set forth, or ship by sign of land or star.

We were going along with the ten demons. Ah, the fell company ! but in the church with the saints, and in the tavern with the gluttons. My attention was only on the pitch in order to see every condition of the pouch, and of the people that were burning in it.

Like dolphins, when by the arching of their

back, they give a sign to the sailors to take heed for the safety of their vessel, so, now and then, to alleviate his pain, one of the sinners would show his back and hide it in less time than it lightens. And as at the edge of the water of a ditch the frogs lie with only their muzzle out, so that they conceal their feet and the rest of their bulk, so on every side were the sinners; but as Barbariccia approached so did they draw back beneath the boiling. I saw, and still my heart shudders at it, one waiting, just as it happens that one frog stays and another jumps. And Graffiacane, who was nearest over against him, hooked him by his pitchy locks, and drew him up so that he seemed to me an otter. (I knew now the name of every one of them, I had so noted them when they were chosen, and afterwards when they called each other had listened how.) "O Rubicante, see thou set thy claws upon his back so thou flay him," shouted all the accursed ones together.

And I: "My Master, contrive, if thou canst, to find out who is the luckless one come into the hands of his adversaries." My Leader drew up to his side, and asked him whence he was, and he replied: "I was born in the kingdom of Navarre; my mother placed me in service of a lord, for she had borne me to a ribald, destroyer of himself and of his substance. After-

ward I was of the household of the good King Thibault;¹ there I set myself to practice bar-ratry, for which I pay reckoning in this heat."

And Ciriatto, from whose mouth protruded on either side a tusk, as of a boar, made him feel how one of them rips. Among evil cats had the mouse come; but Barbariccia clasped him in his arms, and said: "Stand off, while I clutch him," and turned his face to my Master. "Ask further," said he, "if thou desirest to know more from him, before another one undo him." The Leader: "Then, tell now of the other sinners; knowest thou any one under the pitch who is Italian?" And he: "I parted short while since from one who there beyond was a neighbor;² would that with him I still were so covered that I should not fear claw or hook." And Libicocco said: "We have borne too much," and seized his arm with his grapple so that, tearing, he carried off a sinew of it. Draghignazzo, he too wished to give him a grip down at his legs, whereat their decurion turned round about with evil look.³

1. v. 52. Probably Thibault II., the brother-in-law of St. Louis, who accompanied him on his last disastrous crusade, and died on his way home in 1270.

2. v. 67. Not an Italian proper, but a neighbor from Sardinia.

3. v. 75. Barbariccia is annoyed at the disregard of his

When they were a little quieted, my Leader, without delay, asked him who was still gazing at his wound: "Who was he from whom thou sayst thou madest ill parting to come to shore?" And he replied: "It was Friar Gomita, he of Gallura,⁴ vessel of every fraud, who held the enemies of his lord in hand, and dealt so with them that each of them praises him for it. Money he took, and let them smoothly off, so he says; and in his other offices besides he was no little barrator, but sovereign. With him frequents Don Michael Zanche of Logodoro,⁵ and their tongues never feel tired in talking of Sardinia. O me! see ye that other who is grinning: I would say more, but I fear lest he is making ready to scratch my itch." And the grand Provost, turning to Farfarello, who was rolling his eyes as if to strike, said: "Get away there, wicked bird!"

injunction (verse 60), and turns with the sinner in his arms to secure him for the moment from attack.

4. v. 82. Gallura, one of the four divisions of Sardinia, called judicatures, made by the Pisans, after their conquest of the island. The lord of Gomita was the noble Judge Nino, whom Dante meets in Purgatory, Canto viii. 53. Friar Gomita was hung for his frauds.

5. v. 89. Logodoro was another of the judicatures of Sardinia. Don Michael Zanche was a noted man, but of his special sins little or nothing has been recorded by the chroniclers. He was murdered about 1290, by his son-in-law Branca d' Oria; see Canto xxxiii. 134-147.

“If ye wish to see or to hear Tuscans or Lombards,” thereon began again the frightened one, “I will make some of them come; but let the Malebranche stand a little withdrawn, so that they may not be afraid of their vengeance, and I, sitting in this very place, for one that I am, will make seven of them come, when I shall whistle, as is our wont to do whenever one of us sets himself outside.” Cagnazzo at this speech raised his muzzle, shaking his head, and said: “Hear the cunning trick he has devised for casting himself below!” Whereon he who had snares in great plenty answered: “Too cunning am I when I procure for my own companions greater sorrow.” Alichino held not in, and, in opposition to the others, said to him: “If thou plunge, I will not come after thee at a gallop, but I will beat my wings above the pitch; let the ridge be left, and let the bank be a screen, to see if thou alone availest more than we.”⁶

O thou that readest, thou shalt hear a new sport! Each turned his eyes to the other side,

6. v. 117. We must suppose that the boiling pitch was bordered on either side by a rocky ridge, on which the demons, the poets, and the sinner were standing, and that there was a space between the ridge and the wall of the bolgia, into which, if they descended, they could not be seen from the pitch.

he first who had been most averse to doing this.⁷ The Navarrese chose his time well, planted his feet firmly on the ground, and in an instant leaped, and from their purpose freed himself. At this, each of them was stung with his fault, but he most who was the cause of the loss; wherefore he started and cried out: "Thou art caught." But it availed little, for wings could not outstrip fear. The one went under, and the other, flying, turned his breast upward. Not otherwise the wild duck on a sudden dives under when the falcon comes near, and he returns up vexed and baffled. Calabrina, angry at the flout, flying kept behind him,⁸ charmed that the sinner should escape, that he might have a scuffle; and when the bar-rator had disappeared he at once turned his claws upon his companion, and grappled with him above the ditch. But the other was indeed a full-grown sparrowhawk for clawing him well, and both of them fell into the middle of the boiling pool. The heat was a sudden un-grappler; but yet there was no rising from it, they had their wings so beglued. Barbariccia, in distress with the others of his troop, made four of them fly to the other side with all their

7. v. 120. Each about to descend the bank turned his back to the pitch, Cagnazzo first.

8. v. 134. Alichino.

forks, and very swiftly, on this side and that, they descended to their posts, and stretched their hooks toward the belimed ones, who were already cooked within the crust: and we left them thus embroiled.

CANTO XXIII

Eighth Circle.—Escape from the fifth pouch.—The sixth pouch: hypocrites, in cloaks of gilded lead.—Jovial Friars.—Caiaphas.—Annas.—Frate Catalano.

SILENT, alone, and without company, we were going on, one before, the other behind, as Minor friars go along the way. My thought was turned by the present brawl upon the fable of Aesop, in which he told of the frog and the mouse; for *now* and *this instant* are not more alike than the one is to the other, if beginning and end be rightly coupled by the attentive mind.¹ And as one thought bursts out from another, so then from that was born another

I. v. 9. This fable is not among those now ascribed to Aesop, but was included in a collection which went under his name, and was in common use as a school-book. According to the fable, the frog deceitfully induced the mouse, attached by a string to his leg, to trust himself to the water. The mouse was drowned, and a kite, seeing the body floating on the surface, seized it, and with it the frog still tied to it, and swallowed both. The application to the demons is, that Calcabrina, intending harm to Alichino, is involved with him in tribulation.

which made my first fear double. I was thinking in this wise: These through us have been put to scorn, and with such harm and trick as I believe must vex them greatly; if anger be added to ill-will, they will come after us more merciless than the dog to the hare which he snaps up.

Already I was feeling my hair all bristling with fear, and was backwards intent, when I said: "Master, if thou dost not speedily conceal thyself and me, I am afraid of the Malebranche; we have them already after us; I so imagine them that I already feel them." And he: "If I were of leaded glass,² I should not draw to me thine outward image more quickly than I receive thine inward. Even now came thy thoughts among mine, with like action and like look, so that of both I made one sole counsel. If it be that the right bank lies so that we can descend into the next pouch, we shall escape from the imagined chase."

He had not yet finished reporting this counsel, when I saw them coming with wings spread, not very far off, with will to take us. My Leader on a sudden took me, as a mother who is wakened by the noise, and sees the kindled flames close to her, who takes her son and flies, and, having more care of him than of herself,

2. v. 25. A mirror.

stays not so long as only to put on a shift: and down from the ridge of the hard bank, he gave himself supine to the sloping rock that closes one of the sides of the next pouch. Never ran water so swiftly through a duct, to turn the wheel of a land-mill, when it approaches nearest to the paddles, as my Master over that border, bearing me along upon his breast as his son and not as a companion. Hardly had his feet reached the bed of the depth below, when they were on the ridge right over us; but here there was no fear, for the high Providence that willed to set them as ministers of the fifth ditch deprived them all of power of departing thence.

There below we found a painted people who were going round with very slow steps, weeping, and in their semblance weary and subdued. They had cloaks, with hoods lowered before their eyes, fashioned of the cut which is made for the monks in Cologne. Outwardly they are gilded, so that it dazzles, but within all lead, and so heavy that those Frederick used to have put on were of straw.³ O mantle wearisome for eternity!

We turned, still ever to the left hand, along

3. v. 66. Literally, "that Frederick put them on of straw." The leaden cloaks which the Emperor Frederick II. caused to be put on criminals, who were then burned to death, were light as straw in comparison with these.

with them, intent on their sad plaint. But because of the weight, that tired folk were coming so slowly that we had fresh company at every movement of the haunch. Wherefore I to my Leader: "Contrive to find some one who may be known by deed or name, and while thus going move thine eyes around." And one who heard the Tuscan speech cried out behind us: "Stay your feet, ye who run thus through the dusky air; perchance thou shalt have from me that which thou askest." Whereon my Leader turned and said: "Wait, and then proceed according to his pace." I stopped, and saw two show, by their look, great haste of mind to be with me, but their load and the narrow way retarded them.

When they had come up, awhile, with eye askance,⁴ they gazed at me without speaking a word; then they turned to one another, and said one to the other: "This one seems alive by the action of his throat; and if they are dead, by what privilege do they go uncovered by the heavy stole?" Then they said to me: "O Tuscan, who to the college⁵ of the wretched

4. v. 85. They could not raise their heads for a straight look.

5. v. 91. That is, to the company, — so Benedick, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, speaks of "a college of wit-crackers."

hypocrites art come, hold it not in disdain to tell who thou art." And I to them: "I was born and grew up on the fair river of Arno, at the great town, and I am in the body that I have always had. But who are ye, from whom such woe distils, as I see, down along your cheeks? and what penalty is it that so glitters on you?" And one of them replied to me: "The orange hoods are of lead so thick that the weights thus make their scales to creak.⁶ Jovial Friars⁷

6. v. 102. The sinners, so heavily laden that their heads are bent and tears fall from their eyes, are like overloaded scales which creak with the weights put on them.

7. v. 103. Brothers of the Military and Conventual Order of Santa Maria, established in 1261, with knightly vows and high intent. From the laxity of their rules and their free life the nickname of *Frati Godenti*, "Jovial Friars," was given to the members of the Order.

After the battle of Montaperti, in 1260, the Ghibellines held the upper hand in Florence for more than five years. The defeat and death of Manfred early in 1266, at the battle of Benevento, shook their power and revived the hopes of the Guelfs. As a measure of compromise, the Florentine Commune elected two podestàs, one from each party; the Guelf was Catalano de' Malavolti, the Ghibelline, Loderingo degli Andalò, both from Bologna. They were believed to have joined hands while in office for their own gain, and to have favored the reviving power of the Guelfs. In the troubles of the year in which they had power the houses of the Uberti, a powerful Ghibelline family, were burned; these lay in the region of the city called the Gardingo, close to the Palazzo Vecchio.

were we, and Bolognese; I named Catalano and he Loderingo, and together taken by thy city, as one man alone is usually chosen, in order to preserve its peace: and we were such as still is apparent round about the Gardingo." I began: "O Friars, your ills" — but more I said not, for there struck my eye one crucified upon the ground with three stakes. When he saw me he writhed all over, blowing into his beard with sighs: and the Friar Catalano, who observed it, said to me: "That transfixed one, whom thou lookest at, counseled the Pharisees that it was expedient to put one man to torture for the people.⁸ Traverse and naked is he on the path, as thou seest, and he first must needs feel how much whoever passes weighs.⁹ And in like fashion his father-in-law¹⁰ is stretched in this ditch, and the others of that Council which for the Jews was seed of ill." Then I saw Virgil marvel¹¹ over him that was outstretched in a cross so vilely in the eternal exile. Afterwards he addressed this speech to the Friar:

8. v. 117. Caiaphas, who said: "It is expedient for us that one man should die for the people." *John* xi. 50.

9. v. 120. The slowly moving, heavy sinners must all step on him as they pass over him.

10. v. 121. Annas; *John* xviii. 13, 14, 24.

11. v. 124. Virgil was unacquainted with the Gospel story.

“May it not displease you,¹² if it be allowed you, to tell us if any opening lies on the right hand, whereby we two can go out hence without constraining any of the Black Angels to come to deliver us from this deep.” He answered then: “Nearer than thou hopest is a rock that starts from the great encircling wall and spans all the savage valleys, save that at this one it is broken, and does not cover it. Ye will be able to mount up over the ruin that lies against the side, and heaps up at the bottom.” My Leader stood a little while with bowed head, then said: “Ill did he who hooks the sinners yonder report the matter.”¹³ And the Friar: “Of old at Bologna I used to hear tell of vices enough of the devil, among which I heard that he is a liar, and the father of falsehood.” Then my Leader went on, with great steps, disturbed a little with anger in his look; whereon I departed from the burdened ones, following the prints of the beloved feet.

12. v. 128. Virgil addresses the Friar with the “you,” not as an honorary designation, but because he speaks to both while addressing one. It is to be noted that the only hypocrites individually designated in this canto are two who sinned against Florence, and two who sinned against Jesus.

13. v. 141. Malacoda had told him (xxi. 111) that he would find a bridge not far off by which to cross this sixth bolgia.

CANTO XXIV

*Eighth Circle. The poets climb from the sixth pouch.
— Seventh pouch, filled with serpents, by which thieves
are tormented. — Vanni Fucci. — Prophecy of calamity to
Dante.*

IN that part of the young year when the sun tempers his locks beneath Aquarius,¹ and now the nights are passing to the South,² when the hoar frost copies on the ground the image of her white sister,³ but the temper of her pen lasts little while, the rustic, whose provision fails, gets up and looks, and sees the plain all white, whereat he smites his thigh, returns indoors, and grumbles to and fro, like the poor wretch who knows not what to do; then goes out again and picks up hope, seeing the world to

1. v. 2. The sun enters the sign of Aquarius about the twentieth of January.

2. v. 3. As the sun in his apparent motion comes northward, the night, understood as the point of the heavens opposite to the sun, moves southward, and with the lengthening day the nights shorten.

3. v. 5. The frost copies the look of the snow, but her pen soon loses its make, that is, the white frost soon vanishes.

have changed face in short while, and takes his crook and drives forth his sheep to pasture. Thus my Master made me dismayed, when I saw his brow so disturbed, and thus speedily arrived the plaster for the hurt. For when we came to the ruined bridge, the Leader turned to me with that sweet look which I first saw at the foot of the mount.⁴ After taking some counsel with himself, looking first well at the ruin, he opened his arms, and laid hold of me. And as one who acts and considers, and seems always to provide in advance, so, lifting me up toward the top of a great rock, he was taking note of another splinter, saying: "Grapple next on that, but try first if it be such that it can support thee." It was no way for one clothed in a cloak, for we with difficulty, he light and I pushed up, could mount from jag to jag. And had it not been that on that precinct⁵ the bank was shorter than on the other side, I do not know about him, but I should have been completely vanquished. But because all Malebolge slopes toward the opening of the lowest well, the site of each valley imports that one side is higher than the other.⁶ We came, however, at

4. v. 21. The hill of the first canto, at the foot of which Virgil had appeared to Dante.

5. v. 34. The inner boundary wall of the *bolgia*.

6. v. 40. Literally, "that one side rises and the other

length, to the point where the last stone is broken off.⁷ The breath was so milked from my lungs when I was up that I could no farther, nay, sat me down on first arrival.

“Henceforth it behoves thee thus⁸ to put off sloth,” said the Master, “for, sitting upon down or under quilts, one comes not to fame, without which he who consumes his life leaves such vestige of himself on earth as smoke in air, or the foam on water : and therefore rise up, conquer thy panting with the soul that wins every battle, if it be not weighed down by its heavy body. A longer stairway needs must be ascended : it is not enough to have departed from these ;⁹ if thou understandest me, now act so that it avail thee.” Then I rose up, showing myself better furnished with breath than I felt, and said : “Go on, for I am strong and resolute.”

Up along the crag we took the way, which was rugged, narrow, and difficult, and far steeper than the one before. I was going along speak-

descends.” The level of the whole circle slopes toward the central deep, so that the inner side of each *bolgia* is of less height than the outer.

7. v. 42. The last stone of the shattered bridge.

8. v. 46. By strenuous effort.

9. v. 56. It is not enough to leave sin behind ; steady and hard effort is required to attain virtue.

ing in order not to seem exhausted, when a voice, ill suited for forming words, came out from the next ditch. I know not what it said, though I was already upon the back of the arch which crosses here; but he who was speaking seemed moved to anger. I had turned downwards, but my living eyes could not go to the bottom, through the darkness: wherefore I said: "Master, see that thou get to the next girth, and let us descend the wall,"¹⁰ for as from this place I hear and do not understand, so I look down and shape out nothing." "Other reply," he said, "I give thee not than the doing, for the becoming request ought to be followed by the deed in silence."

We descended the bridge at its head, where it is joined with the eighth bank, and then the pouch was apparent to me. And I saw within it a terrible crowd of serpents,¹¹ and of such strange kind that the memory still curdles my blood. Let Libya with her sand vaunt herself no more; for though she bring forth chelydri, jaculi, and phareae, and cenchri with amphisboena,¹² she never, with all Ethiopia, nor with

10. v. 73. The inner wall of the bolgia.

11. v. 82.

"They saw . . . a crowd
Of ugly serpents; horror on them fell."

Par. Lost, x. 540.

12. v. 87. These names of the various kinds of snakes

the land that lies on the Red Sea, showed either so many or so malignant plagues.

Amid this cruel and most dismal swarm were running people naked and terrified, without hope of hole or heliotrope.¹³ They had their hands tied behind with serpents, which fixed their tail and their head through the loins, and were twisted up in front.

And lo! at one, who was near our bank, darted a serpent that transfixed him there where the neck is knotted to the shoulders. Nor O nor *I* was ever so quickly written as he took fire and burnt, and needs must become all ashes as he fell; and when he was thus destroyed on the ground, the dust drew together of itself, and in an instant into that same one returned. Thus by the great sages it is affirmed that the Phoenix dies, and then is born again when she draws nigh to her five-hundredth year. In her life she feeds not on herb or grain, but only on tears of incense and amomum; and nard and myrrh are her last winding-sheet.

And as he who falls, and knows not how, by force of a demon that drags him to ground, or of other obstruction¹⁴ that binds the man when are derived from Lucan's description of the plague of Libya. *Pharsalia*, ix. 700 *seqq.*

13. v. 93. A precious stone, of green color, spotted with red, supposed to make its wearer invisible.

14. v. 114. Obstruction of "the vital spirits," "the

he rises and gazes around him, all bewildered by the great anguish that he has suffered, and as he looks, sighs ; such was that sinner after he had risen. Oh power of God ! how severe it is, that showers down such blows for vengeance !

My Leader then asked him who he was ; whereon he answered : “ I rained down from Tuscany short time ago into this fell gullet. Bestial life, and not human, pleased me, like a mule that I was.”¹⁵ I am Vanni Fucci, beast, and Pistoia was my fitting den.” And I to my Leader : “ Tell him not to slip away, and ask what sin thrust him down here, for I have seen him a man of blood and of rages.” And the sinner who heard did not dissemble, but directed closing of the passages,” says Buti, “ between the heart and the brain.”

15. v. 125. That is, a bastard ; he was the natural son of one of the Lazzari, a noble family of Pistoia, and grew up to be, perhaps, the most notorious villain in the city, “ *vir sceleratissimus et ad omne facinus audacissimus.*” In 1293, he with two companions broke into the Sacristy of San Jacopo, in the church of San Zeno at Pistoia. This sacristy was famous for the splendor of its adornments, and the wealth in its treasury. The thieves carried off what silver and jewels they could lay hands on, and, having concealed their booty, remained undiscovered for many months. At length, when an innocent man was about to be punished for the crime, Vanni Fucci revealed the name of the receiver of the plunder, who was hanged for it, while he himself escaped punishment.

toward me his mind and his face, and painted himself with dismal shame. Then he said : " It grieves me more, that thou hast caught me in the misery where thou seest me, than when I was taken from the other life. I cannot refuse that which thou askest. I am put so far down because I was the thief in the sacristy with the fair adornments, and it was once falsely ascribed to another. But in order that thou enjoy not this sight, if ever thou shalt be forth of these dark places, open thine ears to my announcement, and hear : Pistoia first strips herself of Blacks, then Florence renovates her people and her fashions. Mars draws a vapor from Val di Magra which is wrapt in turbid clouds, and with impetuous and bitter storm there shall be fighting on the Pescian plain, whence it shall suddenly rend the mist, so that every White shall be smitten by it. And this I have said in order that it may grieve thee." ¹⁶

16. v. 151. The dark imagery of these verses does not admit of complete interpretation. It may be partially explained as follows : In May, 1301, " Pistoia strips herself of the Blacks " by expelling from her confines the members of the Black party ; many of them were received in Florence, and, in November of the same year, the Florentine Blacks, thus reinforced, and supported by Charles of Valois who had entered Florence as a pacificator, drove the Priors of the White party from office, chose new Priors of their own party, and in the following January succeeded in driving from the

city the great body of the Whites, of whom Dante was one. This is the renovation by Florence of her people and fashions. The lightning-vapor which Mars drew from Val di Magra was Moruello Malaspina, who was captain of the forces of the Blacks ; for years there were turbid clouds of confusion, and much desultory fighting, the Whites suffering defeat after defeat. The Pescian plain (Campo Piceno) probably denotes a district near Pistoia, but the locality cannot be determined.

CANTO XXV

*Eighth Circle : seventh pouch : fraudulent thieves. —
Cacus. — Agnello Brunelleschi and others.*

AT the end of his words the thief raised his hands with both the figs,¹ crying, "Take that, God! for at Thee I square them." From that time forth the serpents were my friends, for then one coiled about his neck, as if it said: "I will not have thee say more;" and another about his arms and bound him up anew,² clinching itself so in front that he could not give a shake with them. Ah Pistoia! Pistoia! why dost thou not decree to make ashes of thyself, so that thou last no longer, since in evil-doing thou dost surpass thine own seed?³ Through all the dark circles of Hell I saw no spirit so arrogant toward God, not even that one who fell down from

1. v. 2. A coarse gesture of contemptuous defiance, made by thrusting out the fist with the thumb between the fore and middle finger.

2. v. 7. See Canto xxiv. 94.

3. v. 12. According to tradition, the first settlers of Pistoia, its seed, were the remnants of Catiline's forces after his defeat and death, B. C. 62.

the walls at Thebes.⁴ He fled away, and spoke not a word more.

And I saw a Centaur full of rage come crying out : " Where is he, where is the obdurate one ? " I do not believe Maremma⁵ has so many snakes as he had upon his croup up to where our semblance begins. On his shoulders, behind the nape, a dragon with open wings was lying upon him, which sets on fire whomsoever it encounters. My Master said : " This is Cacus, who beneath the rock of Mount Aventine often made a lake of blood. He goes not on one road with his brothers, because of the fraudulent theft he committed of the great herd that he had in his neighborhood ; for which his crooked deeds ceased under the club of Hercules, who perhaps dealt him a hundred blows with it, and he felt not ten of them. " ⁶

While he was thus speaking, and that one had run by, lo ! three spirits came below us, of

4. v. 15. Capaneus ; see Canto xiv. 46-72.

5. v. 19. The desolate and unwholesome district of Tuscany, bordering the sea.

6. v. 33. Cacus, according to Virgil, *Aeneid*, viii. 193 *seqq.*, was not a centaur, but a half-human fire-breathing monster. He stole part of the herd of Geryon, which Hercules, having slain their master, was driving through Italy, and to conceal his theft dragged the cattle by their tails into his cave, but their hiding-place was revealed by their bellowing.

whom neither I nor my Leader was aware till when they cried out : " Who are ye ? " by which our story was stopped, and we then gave heed only to them. I did not know them, but it happened, as it usually happens by some chance, that one had occasion to name another, saying : " Where can Cianfa ' have stayed ? " Wherefore I, in order that my Leader might be attentive, put my finger upward from my chin to my nose.

If, Reader, thou art now slow to credit that which I shall tell, it will be no marvel, for I who saw it hardly admit it to myself. As I was holding my eyebrows raised upon them, lo ! a serpent with six feet darts in front of one, and takes hold all over him. With its middle feet it clasped his paunch, and with its fore feet took his arms, then struck its teeth in one and the other cheek ; its hind feet it spread out upon his thighs, and put its tail between them, and stretched it up behind along the reins. Ivy was never so bearded to a tree, as the horrible beast entwined its own through the other's limbs. Then they stuck together as if they had been of hot wax, and mingled their color ; neither the one nor the other seemed now that which it had been ; even as in advance of the

7. v. 43. A sinner unknown but for this mention of him, but said to have been a member of the Donati family.

flame, a dark color proceeds up along the paper which is not yet black, and the white dies away. The other two were looking on, and each cried : " O me ! Agnèl,⁸ how thou changest ! See, now thou art neither two nor one ! " Now were the two heads become one, when there appeared to us two countenances mixed in one face wherein the two were lost. The two arms were made of four strips ;⁹ the thighs with the legs, the belly and the chest became members that were never seen before. Every original aspect was there canceled ; two and none the perverted image appeared, and such it went away with slow step.

As the lizard under the great scourge of the dog-days, changing from hedge to hedge, seems a lightning-flash, if it cross the way, so seemed, coming toward the bellies of the two others, a little fiery serpent, livid, and black as a pepper corn. And it transfixed in one of them that part whereat our nourishment is first taken,¹⁰ then fell down stretched out before him. The transfixed one gazed at it, but said nothing ;

8. v. 68. According to many of the early commentators this was one Agnello de' Brunelleschi, of whom nothing is known but that he was a thief.

9/ v. 73. The two fore feet of the dragon and the two arms of the man were melted into two strange arms.

10. v. 86. The navel.

nay, with feet fixed, he began to yawn, just as if sleep or fever had assailed him. He looked at the serpent, and that at him; one through the wound, the other through its mouth, were smoking fiercely, and the smoke commingled. Let Lucan henceforth be silent, where he tells of the wretched Sabellus and of Nasidius,¹¹ and let him wait to hear that which now is related. Let Ovid be silent concerning Cadmus and Arethusa,¹² for if, poetizing, he converts him into a serpent and her into a fountain, I grudge it not to him; for never did he transmute two natures front to front, so that both the forms were prompt to exchange their matter. They responded to one another in such wise, that the serpent cleft his tail into a fork, and the wounded one drew his feet together.¹³ The legs and the thighs along with them so stuck together, that in short while the juncture made no mark that was apparent. The cleft tail was taking on the shape that the other was losing,¹⁴ and its skin was becoming soft, and that of the

11. v. 95. Sabellus, bitten by a little serpent in the Libyan desert, melts away "like snow under a hot South wind," and Nasidius, stung by a snake of another kind, swells until he bursts his armor. *Pharsalia* ix. 763 *seqq.*

12. v. 97. *Metam.* iv. 575 *seqq.*, and v. 507 *seqq.*

13. v. 105. To form a tail.

14. v. 110. The shape of legs.

other hard. I saw the arms entering through the armpits, and the two feet of the beast, which were short, lengthening out in proportion as the arms were shortening. Then the hinder feet, twisted together, became the member that man conceals, and the wretch from his had two stretched forth.¹⁵

While the smoke veils the one and the other with a new color, and generates hair on the one part, and strips it from the other, the one rose up, and the other fell down, not however turning aside their pitiless lights,¹⁶ beneath which each was changing his muzzle. He who was erect¹⁷ drew his in toward the temples, and, from the too much material that came in there, the ears issued on the smooth cheeks; that which did not run back and was retained, of its superfluity made a nose for the face, and thickened the lips so much as was needful. He that was lying down drives his muzzle forward, and draws backward his ears into his head, as the snail does its horns. And his tongue, which before was united and fit for speech, cleaves itself, and the forked one of the other closes up;

15. v. 117. The member of the wretched one is transformed into two hind feet.

16. v. 122. Glaring steadily at each other.

17. v. 124. He who had been the serpent, now changing back to human form.

and the smoke stops. The soul that had become a brute fled hissing along the valley, and the other, speaking, sputters behind it. Then he turned on him his new shoulders, and said to the third,¹⁸ "I want that Buoso¹⁹ should run, as I have done, on his belly along this path."

Thus I saw the seventh ballast²⁰ change and transmute, and here let the novelty be my excuse, if my pen straggle²¹ a little. And although my eyes were somewhat confused, and my mind bewildered, those could not flee away so covertly but that I clearly distinguished Puccio Sciancato:²² and he it was who alone, of the three companions that came first, was not changed; the other²³ was he whom thou, Gaville, weepest.

18. v. 139. Turning his back to the soul changed into the serpent that was fleeing, he speaks to the third of the three spirits, the only one unchanged.

19. v. 140. Buoso, of whom nothing is known, is he who has become a snake.

20. v. 142. The ballast, — the sinners in the seventh bolgia.

21. v. 144. Run into unusual detail.

22. v. 148. This halting (*sciancato*) Puccio is said to have been a member of the Galigai family; of his misdeeds nothing is recorded.

23. v. 151. One Francesco Guercio de' Cavalcanti, who was slain by men of the village of Gaville, in Valdarno, which mourns for the cruel vengeance taken for his death.

The three who had first come were the three Florentine

thieves, Agnello, Buoso, and Puccio. Cianfa de' Donati had then appeared as the serpent with six feet, and had been incorporated with Agnello. Lastly came Guercio (the Squinter) de' Cavalcanti as the fiery little snake, and exchanged form with Buoso.

CANTO XXVI

Eighth Circle : eighth pouch : fraudulent counselors.
— *Ulysses and Diomed.*

REJOICE, Florence, since thou art so great that thou beatest thy wings over sea and land, and thy name is spread through Hell! Among the thieves I found five such, thy citizens, whereat shame comes to me, and thou dost not mount unto great honor thereby. But, if near the morning one dreams of the truth, thou shalt feel within short time what Prato, as well as others, craves for thee.¹ And if already it were, it would not be too soon. So were it! since surely it must be; for it will weigh the more on me as the more I age.

We departed thence, and, up along the stairs which the bourns² had before made for our descent, my Leader remounted and drew me. And pursuing the solitary way among the fragments

1. v. 9. If that which I foresee is not a vain dream, the calamities which thine enemies, even thy nearest neighbors, crave for thee will soon be felt.

2. v. 14. The projections of the rocky wall.

and the rocks of the craggy bridge, the foot sped not without the hand. I sorrowed then, and now I sorrow again when I direct my mind to what I saw; and I curb my genius more than I am wont, that it may not run unless virtue guide it; so that if a good star, or better thing, have given me the good, I may not grudge it to myself.³

As many as the fireflies which, in the season when he that brightens the world keeps his face least hidden from us, the rustic, who is resting on the hillside what time the fly yields to the gnat,⁴ sees down in the valley, perhaps there where he makes his vintage and ploughs, — with so many flames all the eighth pit was gleaming, as I perceived so soon as I was there where the bottom became apparent. And as he⁵ who was avenged by the bears saw the chariot of Elijah at its departure, when the horses rose erect to heaven, — for he could not so fol-

3. v. 24. "That I may not grudge it to myself," that is, that I may not by my own fault deprive myself of it. The sight which grieved the poet was that of men distinguished for their natural gifts who, by misuse of them, had brought eternal condemnation on themselves. It turns his thought on the risks attending the use of his own genius.

4. v. 28. That is, in the summer twilight, when the flies, which have been busy through the day, give place to the gnats which trouble the evening.

5. v. 34. Elisha. 2 *Kings* ii. 9-24.

low it with his eyes as to see aught save the flame alone, like a little cloud, mounting upward, — thus each of those flames was moving through the gulley of the ditch, for not one shows its theft, and every flame steals away a sinner.⁶

I was standing on the bridge, risen up to look, so that, if I had not taken hold of a rock, I should have fallen below without being pushed. And my Leader, who saw me thus intent, said: "Within these fires are the spirits; each is swathed by that wherewith he is burnt." "My Master," I replied, "through hearing thee am I more certain, but already I deemed that it was so, and already I wished to say to thee: Who is in that fire which comes so divided at its top that it seems to rise from the pyre on which Eteocles was put with his brother?"⁷ He answered me: "Therewithin Ulysses and Diomed are tormented, and thus they go together in their punishment, as in their wrath.⁸ And within their flame they groan for the ambush of the horse which made the gate

6. v. 42. Within each flame a sinner was concealed.

7. v. 54. Eteocles and Polynices, sons of Oedipus and Jocasta, who, contending at the siege of Thebes, slew each other. Such was their mutual hate that, when their bodies were burned on the same funeral pile, the flames divided in two. Statius, *Thebaid*, xii. 431-2.

8. v. 57. Against the Trojans.

whence the noble seed of the Romans issued forth; within it they lament the artifice whereby the dead Deidamia still mourns for Achilles, and there they bear the penalty for the Palladium.”⁹ “If they have power to speak within those sparks,” said I, “Master, much I pray thee, and repray, that my prayer avail a thousand, that thou make not to me denial of waiting till the horned flame come hither: thou seest that with desire I bend me toward it.” And he to me: “Thy prayer is worthy of much praise, and therefore I accept it; but mind that thy tongue restrain itself. Leave speech to me, for I have conceived that which thou wishest; for, because they were Greeks, they would perhaps be disdainful of thy words.”¹⁰

9. v. 63. It was through the stratagem of the wooden horse that Troy was destroyed, and Aeneas was compelled to lead forth his followers who became the seed of the Romans. Deidamia was the daughter of Lycomedes, king in the island of Scyros, to whom Thetis committed her son Achilles disguised as a maiden, that he might not go to the siege of Troy. Deidamia became the mother of a son by Achilles, and when by the craft of Ulysses, accompanied by Diomed, Achilles was discovered and persuaded to go to Troy, she slew herself. The story is told in full by Statius in his *Achilleis*. The Palladium was the image of Athena, on which the safety of Troy depended, and which was stolen by the two heroes. *Aeneid*, ii. 163-170.

10. v. 75. The ancient heroes might be averse to talking with a common man of the strange modern world.

When the flame had come there where it seemed to my Leader time and place, I heard him speak to it in this form : " O ye, who are two within one fire, if I deserved of you while I lived, if I deserved of you much or little, when in the world I wrote my lofty verses, move not, but let one of you tell, whither, being lost, he went away to die." The greater horn of the ancient flame began to wag, murmuring, even as a flame that the wind wearies. Then waving its tip to and fro, as if it were the tongue that spoke, it cast forth a voice, and said : —

" When I departed from Circe, who had detained me more than a year there near to Gaeta, before Aeneas had so named it,¹¹ neither fondness for my son, nor piety for my old father, nor the due love which should have made Penelope glad, could overcome within me the ardor which I had to become experienced of the world, and of the vices of men, and of their virtue. But I put forth on the deep, open sea, with one vessel only, and with that little company by which I had not been deserted. I saw one shore and the other¹² as far as Spain, as far as Morocco and the island of Sardinia, and the

11. v. 93. In memory of his nurse Caieta, who had died there. *Aeneid*, vii. 1-4.

12. v. 103. Of the Mediterranean.

others which that sea bathes round about. I and my companions were old and slow when we came to that narrow strait where Hercules set up his bounds, to the end that man should not put out beyond.¹³ On the right hand I left Seville, on the other I had already left Ceuta. 'O brothers,' I said, 'who through a hundred thousand perils have reached the West, to this so brief vigil of your senses which remains wish not to deny the experience, following the sun, of the world that has no people. Consider your origin; ye were not made to live as brutes, but to pursue virtue and knowledge.' With this little speech I made my companions so keen for the voyage that hardly afterwards could I have held them back. And turning our stern to the morning, with our oars we made wings for the mad flight, always gaining on the left hand side.¹⁴ The night saw now all

13. v. 109. *Più oltre non*; the famous *Ne plus ultra*, adopted by Charles V. as his motto, with the pillars of Hercules for an emblem.

14. v. 126. In Dante's scheme of the Earth the southern hemisphere was a vast expanse of water, in which the only land was the Mountain of Purgatory (see xxxiv. 122-126), the antipodes of Jerusalem (*Purg.* iv. 68-71). The course of Ulysses and his companions after passing through the Pillars of Hercules was to the southeast, "always gaining on the left hand," until, having sailed a distance eastward, corresponding to that which in the northern hemisphere lay

the stars of the other pole, and ours so low that it rose not forth from the ocean floor. The light beneath the moon had been five times rekindled and as many quenched,¹⁵ since we had entered on the passage of the deep, when there appeared to us a mountain dark in the distance, and it seemed to me so high as I had never seen one.¹⁶ We rejoiced, and soon it turned to lamentation, for from the new land a whirlwind rose and struck the fore part of the vessel. Three times it made her whirl with all the waters, the fourth it made her stern lift up and the prow go down, as pleased Another,¹⁷ till the sea had closed over us."

between the Pillars and the Holy City, they came in sight of the Mountain whose shore no man ever saw "who afterwards had experience of return." *Purg.* i. 132.

15. v. 130. Five changes of the moon.

16. v. 135. "The mount which rises highest from the wave." *Par.* xxvi. 139; *Purg.* iii. 15.

17. v. 141. God, whose name is not spoken by any sinner in Hell save, in the preceding canto (v. 3), by Vanni Fucci in blasphemy.

CANTO XXVII

*Eighth Circle : eighth pouch : fraudulent counselors. —
Guido da Montefeltro.*

THE flame was already erect and quiet, by reason of not speaking more, and already was going from us, with the permission of the sweet poet, when another, which was coming behind it, made us turn our eyes to its tip, by a confused sound that was issuing forth from it. As the Sicilian bull,¹ which bellowed first with the plaint of him (and that was right) who had shaped it with his tools,² was wont to bellow with the voice of the sufferer, so that, although it was of brass, yet it appeared transfixed with the pain, so, through not at first having way or outlet from the fire, the disconsolate words were converted into its language.³ But when they had taken

1. v. 7. The brazen bull of Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum, made to hold criminals to be burned within it. Perillus, its inventor, was the first to suffer. So these sinners are wrapped in the flames which their fraudulent counsels had prepared for them.

2. v. 9. Literally, "tempered it with his file."

3. v. 15. Sounding like the murmuring breath of the flame.

their course up through the point, giving to it in their passage that vibration which the tongue had given, we heard say : "O thou, to whom I direct my voice, and who just now wast speaking Lombard,⁴ saying : 'Now go thy way, no more I urge thee :'⁵ although I may have arrived perhaps somewhat late, let it not irk thee to stop to speak with me ; behold, it irks not me, and I am burning. If thou art but now fallen into this blind world from that sweet Italian land whence I bring all my sin, tell me if the Romagnoles⁶ have peace or war ; for I was of the mountains there, between Urbino and the chain from which Tiber is unlocked."⁷

I was still downward attent and leaning over, when my Leader touched me on the side, saying, "Speak thou, this is an Italian." And I, who already had my answer ready, without delay began to speak : "O soul, that art hidden

4. v. 20. Lombard, because the speech was that of Virgil, whose "parents were Lombards," and he had used a word peculiar to the Lombard dialect.

5. v. 21. The words used by Virgil in dismissing Ulysses.

6. v. 28. The people of Romagna, the region lying between the Po, the Apennines, the Adriatic Sea, and the Reno. *Purg.* xiv. 92.

7. v. 30. The spirit who speaks is that of the Ghibelline count, Guido da Montefeltro, the ablest and most famous man of war of his time in Italy. The district of Montefeltro lies at the foot of the Apennines, a little northwest of Urbino.

down there, thy Romagna is not, and never was, without war in the hearts of her tyrants, but no open war have I left there now. Ravenna is as it has been for many years; the eagle of Polenta⁸ is brooding there, so that he covers Cervia with his wings. The city that made some while ago the long struggle, and of the French a bloody heap, finds itself again beneath the green paws.⁹ And the old mastiff and the new of Verrucchio,¹⁰ who made the ill disposal of Montagna, make an auger of their teeth there where they are wont. The young lion of

8. v. 41. Guido da Polenta had been lord of Ravenna since 1275. He was father of Francesca da Rimini, and a friend of Dante. His shield bore an eagle, half *argent* on a field *azure*, and half *gules* on a field *or*. Cervia is a small town on the coast, about twelve miles south of Ravenna.

9. v. 45. Forlì, where in 1282 Guido da Montefeltro had defeated, with great slaughter, a troop, largely of French soldiers, sent against him by Pope Martin III. It was now ruled by the Ordellaffi, whose shield, *party per fess*, bore on its upper half a green demi-lion on a gold field.

10. v. 46. Verrucchio was a castle some ten miles southwest of Rimini, which had long been in possession of the Malatesta family, and gave to them their designation. "The old mastiff and the new" were Malatesta de' Malatesti and his son Malatestino, lords of Rimini. In 1295 they had treacherously overpowered and murdered Montagna de' Parcitati, the head of the Ghibellines in the city, and they ruled there as tyrants, sucking the blood of their subjects. They were respectively father and half-brother of the husband and of the lover of Francesca da Rimini.

the white lair,¹¹ who changes side from summer to winter, rules the cities of Lamone and of Santerno. And she ¹² whose flank the Savio bathes lives between tyranny and a free state, even as she sits between the plain and the mountain. Now I pray thee that thou tell us who thou art; be not harder than another has been,¹³ so may thy name hold front in the world."

After the fire had roared for a while according to its fashion, the sharp point moved to and fro, and then gave forth this breath: "If I believed that my reply were to a person who should ever return to the world, this flame would stand without more quiverings; but inasmuch as, if I hear truth, never did any one return alive from this depth, I answer thee without fear of infamy.

"I was a man of arms, and then I was a cordelier,¹⁴ trusting, thus girt, to make amends;

11. v. 50. This is Maghinardo de' Pagani da Susinana, who bore on his shield a blue lion on a white field. He was a Ghibelline in Romagna, and a Guelf with the Florentines, says Villani. "The city of Lamone" is Faenza, near the river Lamone, and the city of Santerno is Imola, by which the Santerno runs.

12. v. 52. The city of Cesena.

13. v. 56. Refuse not to answer me as I have answered thee.

14. v. 67. In 1296 Guido, past seventy years old, entered the Franciscan Order, girding himself with its cord. He died in 1298 at the convent at Assisi.

and surely my trust had come full but for the Great Priest,¹⁵ whom ill befall! who set me back into my first sins; and how and wherefore, I will that thou hear from me. While I was that shape of bone and flesh which my mother gave me, my works were not leonine, but of the fox. All wily practices and covert ways I knew, and I so plied their art that the sound went forth to the end of the earth. When I saw me arrived at that part of my age where every one ought to strike the sails and coil up the ropes, what before was pleasing to me then was irksome to me, and I yielded me ¹⁶ repentant and confessed. Ah wretched, alas! and it would have availed. The Prince of the new Pharisees having war near the Lateran,¹⁷ — and not with Saracens nor with Jews, for every enemy of his was Christian, and not one of them had been to conquer Acre, or a trafficker in the land of the Soldan,¹⁸ — regarded in himself

15. v. 70. Pope Boniface VIII.

16. v. 83. I became a friar, giving myself to God.

17. v. 86. With the Colonna family, whose stronghold was Palestrina, about twenty-four miles from Rome, on a spur of the Apennines visible from the Lateran hill. In 1297 Boniface proclaimed a crusade against them, Palestrina was surrendered to him on false promises, and then demolished.

18. v. 90. Not one had been a renegade, to help the Saracens at the siege and capture of Acre in 1291, nor had traded with the Mussulmans, which was forbidden under penalty of excommunication.

neither his supreme office, nor his Holy Orders, nor in me that cord which was wont to make those girt with it more lean ; but as Constantine besought Sylvester within Soracte to cure his leprosy,¹⁹ so this one besought me as master to cure the fever of his pride. He asked counsel of me, and I kept silence, because his words seemed drunken. And then he said to me : ‘ Let not thy heart mistrust ; from this time forward I absolve thee, and do thou teach me to act so that I may throw Palestrina to the ground. I can lock and unlock Heaven, as thou knowest ; wherefor the keys are two, which my predecessor held not dear.’²⁰ Then his weighty arguments pushed me to where silence seemed to me the worst, and I said : ‘ Father, since thou dost wash me of that sin wherein I now must fall, long promise with short keeping will make thee triumph on the High Seat.’ Francis²¹ came

19. v. 95. It was for this service that Constantine was supposed to have made Pope Sylvester I. (A. D. 314-355) “ the first rich Father ” (Canto xix. 117), by the famous “ Donation ” conveying to the Pope the sovereignty over Italy and the whole Western empire. Sylvester, to escape from Constantine’s previous persecution of the Christians, had taken refuge on Mount Soracte.

20. v. 105. Celestine V., the immediate predecessor of Boniface, had renounced the papacy.

21. v. 112. St. Francis came for his soul, as that of one of the brethren of his Order.

for me afterwards, when I was dead, but one of the black Cherubim said to him : ‘ Bear him not away ; do me not wrong ; he must come down among my drudges because he gave the fraudulent counsel, since which till now I have been at his hair ; for he who does not repent cannot be absolved, nor can repentance and will exist together, because of the contradiction which does not allow it.’²² O me woeful ! how I shuddered when he took me, saying to me : ‘ Perhaps thou didst not think that I was a logician.’ He bore me to Minos ; and he twisted his tail eight times round his hard back,²³ and, after he had bitten it from great rage, he said : ‘ This is one of the sinners of the thievish fire : ’ wherefore here, where thou seest, I am lost, and going thus robed I am afflicted.” When he had thus completed his speech the flame, sorrowing, departed, twisting and flapping its sharp horn.

We passed onward, I and my Leader, over the crag, far as to the next arch that covers the ditch in which the fee is paid by those who acquire their load by sundering.²⁴

22. v. 120. Repentance of a sin and the will to commit it cannot coexist.

23. v. 125. See Canto v. 11-12.

24. v. 136. Those who, sowing discord, sever the bond which nature makes (Canto xi. 56), and thus load themselves with the burden of sin and its penalty.

CANTO XXVIII

Eighth Circle: ninth pouch: sowers of discord and schism. — Mahomet and Ali. — Fra Dolcino. — Pier da Medicina. — Curio. — Mosca. — Bertran de Born.

WHO, even with words unfettered,¹ could ever tell in full, though many times narrating, of the blood and of the wounds that I now saw? Every tongue assuredly would come short, by reason of our speech and our memory which have small capacity to comprise so much.

If all the people were again assembled, that of old upon the storm-tossed land of Apulia lamented for their blood shed by the Trojans,²

1. v. 1. In prose.

2. v. 10. In Canto xxvi. 60 Virgil has spoken of the Trojans led by Aeneas as “the noble seed of the Romans,” and here Dante uses the term Trojans as synonymous with Romans. The sentence, complicated by parentheses, may be paraphrased as follows: If the people who fell in Apulia when it was conquered by the Romans, and those slain there in the Second Punic war, and those who died opposing Robert Guiscard, and those who perished at Benevento, were all brought together in one assembly, and were to show their wounds, the horrible spectacle would be nothing to that displayed by the ninth bolgia.

and in the long war that made such vast spoil of the rings,³ as Livy writes, who does not err; together with those who, by resisting Robert Guiscard,⁴ felt the pain of blows, and the others whose bones are still heaped up at Ceperano,⁵ where every Apulian was false, and there by Tagliacozzo,⁶ where the old Alardo conquered without arms, — and one should show his limb pierced through, and one his lopped off, it would be nothing to equal the hideous mode of the ninth pouch.

Truly a cask by losing mid-board or stave is not so split open, as one I saw who was cleft from the chin to where the wind is broken: his entrails were hanging between his legs, his

3. v. 11. The spoils — three bushels and a half of rings — of the battle of Cannae, in the second Punic war, which lasted more than fifteen years. *Livy*, xxiii. 12.

4. v. 14. The Norman conqueror and Duke of Apulia. He died in 1085.

5. v. 16. There was no battle at Ceperano, but the defence of the bridge there over the Garigliano was treacherously abandoned, leaving the way open for Charles of Anjou to advance to Benevento, where, on February 26, 1268, the great battle was fought which ended in the defeat and death of Manfred, king of Sicily. At this battle many of the Apulian barons proved traitors.

6. v. 17. Here, in 1268, Conradin, the nephew of Manfred, was defeated and taken prisoner by Charles of Anjou. The victory was won, not by arms, but by a stratagem devised by Count Erard (Alardo) de Valéry.

pluck was visible, and the dismal sack which makes ordure of what is swallowed. While I fix myself all on seeing him, he looked at me, and with his hands opened his breast, saying: "Now see how I rend myself; see how mangled is Mahomet. In front of me goes Ali⁷ weeping, cleft in the face from chin to forelock; and all the others whom thou seest here were, when living, sowers of scandal and of schism, and therefore are they so cleft. A devil is here behind that fashions us so cruelly, putting again to the edge of the sword each of this throng when we have circled the doleful road; because the wounds are closed up before one passes again before him. But who art thou that art musing on the crag, perhaps to delay going to the punishment that has been adjudged on thine own accusations?"⁸ "Death has not reached him yet," replied my Master, "nor does guilt lead him to torment him; but, in order to give him full experience, it behoves me, who am dead, to lead him down here through Hell, from circle to circle; and this is true, as that I speak to thee."

More than a hundred there were who, when

7. v. 32. Cousin and son-in-law of Mahomet, and himself the head of a schism.

8. v. 45. When the soul appears before Minos, "it confesses itself wholly." See Canto v. 8.

they heard him, stopped in the ditch to look at me, forgetting the torment in their wonder.

“Now say then to Fra Dolcino,⁹ thou who perhaps wilt shortly see the sun, if he wish not speedily to follow me hither, so to arm himself with provisions that stress of snow may not bring the victory to the Novarese, which to gain otherwise would not be easy.” Mahomet said to me this word, after he had lifted one foot to go on, then to depart he stretched it on the ground.

Another who had his throat pierced and his nose cut off close under his brows, and had but one ear only, having stopped to gaze, for wonder, with the others, before the others opened his gullet, which outwardly was all crimson, and said: “O thou whom guilt does not condemn, and whom I saw above in the land of Italy, if exceeding resemblance deceive me not, if ever thou return to see the sweet plain which slopes from Vercelli to Marcabò,¹⁰ remember Pier da Medicina,¹¹ and make known to the two best

9. v. 55. A noted heretic and reformer, who for two years maintained himself in Lombardy against the forces of the Pope, but finally, being reduced by famine in time of snow, in 1307, was taken captive and burnt at Vercelli.

10. v. 75. From the foot of the Alps to the Adriatic. Marcabò was a stronghold near the mouths of the Po.

11. v. 73. Medicina is a town between Bologna and

men of Fano, to Messer Guido and likewise to Angiolello,¹² that, if our foresight here is not vain, they will be thrown out of their vessel and sunk near La Cattolica,¹³ through the treachery of a fell tyrant. Between the islands of Cyprus and Majorca¹⁴ Neptune never saw so great a crime, not of the pirates, nor of the Argolic people.¹⁵ That traitor who sees only with one eye, and holds the city¹⁶ from sight of which one who is here with me would wish he had fasted, will make them come to parley with him; then will deal so that against the wind of Focara¹⁷

Imola. Piero was a fosterer of discord among the lords of the cities of Romagna.

12. v. 77. Guido del Cassero and Angiolello da Cagnano, treacherously drowned (about 1312) by order of the one-eyed Malatestino (cf. xxvii. 46), lord of Rimini. The word used by Dante for their drowning is the term for throwing into the water a person tied in a sack weighted with stone.

13. v. 80. A small town on the coast of the Adriatic between Rimini and Pesaro.

14. v. 82. From one end to the other of the Mediterranean.

15. v. 84. "The Argolic people," as a term for the Greeks, is borrowed from the *Aeneid*, ii. 78. The Greeks were held from of old to be ruthless sea-robbers.

16. v. 86. Rimini, which the sinner would wish never to have seen.

17. v. 89. A high foreland near La Cattolica, dreaded by mariners because of the dangerous squalls which often swept down from it.

they will not need vow or prayer." And I to him: "Show to me and declare, if thou wishest that I carry up news of thee, who is he of the bitter sight?"¹⁸ Then he put his hand on the jaw of one of his companions, and opened the mouth of him, crying: "This is he, and he does not speak; this one, being banished, stifled the doubt in Cæsar, affirming that the man prepared always suffered harm from delay." Oh, how aghast, with his tongue cut off in his throat, seemed to me Curio,¹⁹ who had been so bold to speak!

And one who had both hands lopped off, lifting the stumps through the murky air so that the blood made his face foul, cried out: "Thou shalt bear in mind Mosca,²⁰ too, who

18. v. 93. He to whom the sight of Rimini had proved bitter, so that he might wish never to have seen it.

19. v. 102. Curio the Tribune, banished from Rome, fled to Cæsar delaying to cross the Rubicon, which enters the Adriatic a few miles north of Rimini, and urged him on, with the argument, according to Lucan, "*Tolle moras, semper nocuit differre paratis.*" *Phars.* i. 281.

20. v. 106. In 1215 one of the Buondelmonti, plighted to a maiden of the Amidei family, broke faith, and engaged himself to a damsel of the house of the Donati. The relatives of the girl who had been thus slighted took counsel how to avenge the affront, and Mosca de' Lamberti gave the ill advice to kill the young Buondelmonte, clenching his counsel with the words, *Capo ha cosa fatta*, "Thing done has a

said, alas ! ‘ Thing done has a head,’ which was the seed of ill for the Tuscan people.” And I added for him : “ And death to thine own race.” Whereat he, accumulating woe on woe, went away like a person sorrowful and mad.

But I remained to look at the crowd, and saw a thing which, without more proof, I should be afraid only to tell, were it not that conscience reassures me, the good companion which emboldens man under the hauberk of feeling itself pure. I saw truly, and I seem to see it still, a trunk without a head going along, even as the others of the dismal herd were going. And it was holding its cut-off head by the hair, dangling it in hand like a lantern, and that was gazing on us, and saying : “ O me ! ” Of itself it was making a lamp for itself ; and they were two in one, and one in two ; how it can be He knows who so ordains. When he was right at foot of the bridge, he lifted his arm high with the whole head, in order to bring its words near to us, which were : “ Now see the dire punishment, thou that, breathing, goest seeing the dead : see if any other be great as this ! And that thou mayst carry news of me, know that

head,” it is an accomplished fact, it cannot be undone, there is no question as to its meaning, it shows its head. The murder was the beginning of long woe to Florence, and of the division of her people into Guelfs and Ghibellines.

I am Bertran de Born,²¹ he that gave to the young king the ill encouragements. I made father and son rebels to each other. Ahithophel did not more with Absalom and with David by his wicked goadings. Because I divided persons thus united, I carry my brain, alas! divided from its source which is in this trunk. Thus the retribution is observed in me."

21. v. 134. The famous troubadour who incited the young Prince Henry to rebellion against his father, Henry II. of England. The prince died in 1183.

CANTO XXIX

*Eighth Circle: ninth pouch. — Geri del Bello. —
Tenth pouch: falsifiers of all sorts. — Alchemists. —
Griffolino of Arezzo. — Capocchio.*

THE many people and the divers wounds had so inebriated my eyes that they were fain to stay for weeping; but Virgil said to me: "What art thou still watching? why does thy gaze still rest down there among the dismal mutilated shades? Thou hast not done so at the other pits; consider, if thou thinkest to count them, that the valley circles two and twenty miles;¹ and already the moon is beneath our feet;² the time is little now that is

1. v. 9. Dante here, for the first time, gives a precise measurement of one of the localities of Hell; and in the next canto he gives another, from which it appears that the circuit of the tenth bolgia is but half that of this the ninth, thus, as Dr. Carlyle points out, suggesting to the imagination "the vast dimensions and population of all the Hell above."

2. v. 10. "This is another way of saying that it was early in the afternoon, about 1 or 2 P. M. Dante very significantly here, as in xx. 125 and elsewhere during his passage through the Inferno, avoids mention of the sun, and

conceded to us, and other things are to be seen than these thou seest." "If thou hadst," replied I thereupon, "given heed to the reason why I was looking, perhaps thou wouldst have permitted me yet to stay."

Meanwhile my Leader was going on, and I was going behind him, now making my reply, and adding: "Within that hollow where I was now holding my eyes so fixedly, I believe that a spirit of my own blood is weeping for the guilt which costs so dear down there." Then said the Master: "Let not thy thought henceforth be broken upon him;³ attend to other thing, and let him stay there; for I saw him at the foot of the little bridge, pointing thee out, and threatening fiercely with his finger, and I heard him called *Geri del Bello*.⁴ Thou wert then

describes the hour by referring rather to the position of 'the face of the lady who rules here,' x. 80." Moore, *Time-References*, p. 50.

3. v. 22. The meaning of this forcible metaphor, which occurs in a rhyme-word, seems to be, hereafter let not speculation about him break in upon your thought.

4. v. 27. A first cousin of Dante's father. According to Benvenuto da Imola he was a harmful and quarrelsome person, who, having sown discord among the members of the Sacchetti family, was slain by one of them. After thirty years his death was avenged by his nephews, by the killing of one of the Sacchetti. The feud between the Alighieri and the Sacchetti seems to have continued till 1342, when a recon-

so wholly occupied with him who of old held Hautefort⁵ that thou didst not look that way ; so he went off." " O my Leader," said I, " that his violent death has not yet been avenged for him by any one who is a partner in the shame made him indignant ; wherefore, as I deem, he went on without speaking to me, and thereby he has made me the more pitiful for him."

Thus we spoke as far as the first place on the crag which shows the next valley, if more light were there, quite to the bottom. When we were above the last cloister of Malebolge, so that its lay brothers could appear to our sight, divers lamentations pierced me, which had their arrows barbed with woe ; wherefore I covered my ears with my hands.

Such suffering as there would be if, between July and September, the sick from the hospitals of Valdichiana and of Maremma and of Sardinia⁶ were all in one ditch together, such was there here ; and such stench came forth there-ciliation was formally made between the two families. The taking vengeance for the murder of a relation was generally recognized as a duty by the members of the family of the victim. " Fair honor is won in doing vengeance " is the last verse of one of Dante's *Canzoni*.

5. v. 29. Bertran de Born, lord of Hautefort.

6. v. 48. The marshy valley of the sluggish Chiana, the Maremma, or flat swampy sea-coast of Tuscany, and the fens of Sardinia were noted haunts of malarial fever.

from, as is wont to come from gangrened limbs. We descended upon the last bank of the long crag, ever to the left hand, and then my sight became livelier down toward the bottom, where the minstress of the High Lord — infallible Justice — punishes the falsifiers whom she registers here.

I do not believe it was a greater sorrow to see the whole people in Aegina sick, when the air was so full of harm that the animals, even to the little worm, all fell dead, and afterwards the ancient people, according as the poets hold for sure, were restored from seed of ants,⁷ than it was to see the spirits languishing in different heaps through that dark valley. One was lying on the belly, and one on the shoulders of another, and one, on all fours, was shifting himself along the dismal path. Step by step we went without speech, looking at and listening to the sick, who could not lift their persons.

I saw two seated leaning on each other, as pan is leaned against pan to warm, spotted from head to foot with scabs; and never did I see currycomb plied by stable-boy for whom his

7. v. 64. Dante had the story from Ovid (*Metam.* vii. 523-657) how, when the people of Aegina had perished in a pestilence sent upon them by Juno, the island was repopled by Jupiter, at the prayer of the king, Aeacus, by changing ants into men.

lord is waiting, or by one who stays awake unwillingly, as each was incessantly plying the bite of his nails upon himself, because of the great rage of his itching which has no other relief. And the nails were dragging down the scab, as a knife does the scales of bream, or of other fish that has them larger still.

“O thou, that art dismaying thyself with thy fingers,” began my Leader unto one of them, “and who sometimes makest pincers of them, tell me if any Italian is among those who are here within, so may thy nails suffice thee eternally for this work.” “Italians are we whom here thou seest so spoiled, both of us,” replied one weeping, “but who art thou that askest of us?” And the Leader said: “I am one that descends with this living man down from ledge to ledge, and I intend to show Hell to him.” Then their mutual support was broken; and each turned trembling to me, with others who heard him by rebound.⁸ The good Master drew quite close to me, saying: “Say to them what thou wilt;” and I began, since he wished it: “So may memory of you in the first world not steal away from the minds of men, but may it live under many suns, tell me

8. v. 99. The words, not addressed to them directly, reached them, as it were by rebound, from him to whom they were spoken.

who ye are, and of what folk ; let not your unseemly and loathsome punishment fright you from disclosing yourselves unto me." "I was of Arezzo," replied one of them,⁹ "and Albero of Siena had me put in the fire ; but that for which I died does not bring me here. It is true that I said to him, speaking in jest, that I knew how to raise myself through the air in flight, and he, who had lively desire and little wit, wished that I should show him the art, and only because I did not make him Daedalus, caused me to be burned by one¹⁰ who had him for son ; but to the last pouch of the ten, Minos, to whom it is not allowed to err, condemned me by reason of the alchemy that I practiced in the world."

And I said to the Poet : "Now was ever people so vain as the Sienese ? surely not so the French by much."

Whereon the other leprous one, who heard me, replied to my words : "Excepting" Stricca,

9. v. 110. This is supposed to be one Griffolino, of whom the old commentators tell nothing more than is implied in Dante's words.

10. v. 117. The Bishop of Siena, under whose ecclesiastical jurisdiction Griffolino fell as a dealer in the black art. The Bishop was the reputed father of Albero.

11. v. 125. Ironical ; these youths all being members of a gay company at Siena known as the *brigata godereccia* or *spendereccia*, the "joyous" or "spendthrift brigade."

who knew how to make moderate spendings; and Niccolò, who first invented the costly use of the clove,¹² in the garden where such seed takes root; and excepting the brigade in which Caccia of Asciano squandered his vineyard and his great wood, and Abbagliato showed his wit. But that thou mayst know who thus seconds thee against the Sienese, sharpen thine eye toward me so that my face may answer well to thee, so wilt thou see that I am the shade of Capocchio, who falsified the metals by alchemy; and thou shouldst recollect, if I descry thee aright, how I was a good ape of nature.”¹³

12. v. 128. What precise extravagance is meant is uncertain. Benvenuto da Imola says that it was the roasting of pheasants and capons at a fire made of cloves.

13. v. 139. Capocchio was burnt alive at Siena in 1293. It would appear from his words that he and Dante had met in “the fair life.”

CANTO XXX

Eighth Circle: tenth pouch: false personators, false moneyers, and false in words. — Myrrha. — Gianni Schicchi. — Master Adam. — Sinon of Troy.

AT the time when Juno was wroth because of Semele against the Theban blood, as she showed more than once, Athamas became so insane,¹ that seeing his wife come laden on either hand with her two sons, he cried out: "Spread we the nets, so that I may take the lioness and the young lions at the pass," and then he stretched out his pitiless talons, seizing the one who was named Learchus, and whirled him and dashed him on a rock; and she drowned herself with her other burden. And when Fortune turned downward² the loftiness of the Trojans which dared all, so that together with his kingdom the king was undone, Hecuba, sad,

1. v. 4. It was from Ovid, *Metam.* iv. 511-529, that Dante drew this story. Athamas was King of Orchomenos, his wife was Nephele, but he had two children by the sister of Semele, Ino, whom Dante here calls his wife. Both he and Ino had incurred the resentment of Juno.

2. v. 13. On her ever-revolving wheel.

wretched, and captive, after she saw Polyxena dead, and descried her Polydorus on the sea-strand, she the doleful, frantic, barked like a dog, to such degree had grief distraught her mind.³

But neither furies of Thebes nor of Troy were ever seen in any one so cruel, not in goading beasts much less human limbs, as those I saw in two pale and naked shades⁴ who were running, biting, in the way that a boar does when he is let out from the sty. One came at Capocchio, and struck his tusks in the nape of his neck, so that dragging him it made his belly scratch along the solid bottom. And the Are-tine,⁵ who remained trembling, said to me: "That mad sprite is Gianni Schicchi,⁶ and he

3. v. 21. After the fall of Troy, Hecuba, accompanied by her daughter, Polyxena, was carried away as a slave. On the voyage to Greece Polyxena was slain as a victim on the tomb of Achilles, and near by, on the Thracian coast, Hecuba found the body of her young son Polydorus, who had been murdered and cast into the sea by King Polymestor. See Ovid, *Metam.* xiii. 404 *seqq.*

4. v. 25. No mad rages were ever so merciless as those of these furious spirits.

5. v. 31. Griffolino of Arezzo.

6. v. 32. Gianni (Johnny) Schicchi was of the house of the Cavalcanti, and an elder contemporary of Dante. He was noted as a mimic; his chief exploit in mimicry being that referred to just below.

goes rabid dressing others thus." "Oh!" said I to him, "so may the other not fix its teeth on thee, let it not be weariness to thee to tell who it is before it breaks away from here." And he to me: "That is the ancient soul of infamous Myrrha,⁷ who became loving of her father beyond rightful love. She came thus to sinning with him by falsifying herself in another's form, even as the other, who goes off there, ventured, in order to gain the lady of the stud, to simulate in his own person Buoso Donati, making a will and giving to the will due form."⁸

And after the two rabid ones, upon whom I had kept my eye, had passed on, I turned it to look at the others of the evil born. I saw one shaped in fashion of a lute, had he only had his groin cut short at the part where man is forked. The heavy dropsy which, with its ill-digested humor, so unmates the members that the face does not correspond with the belly, was making him hold his lips open, as the hectic

7. v. 38. The daughter of Cinyras, king of Cyprus. Her story is told by Ovid, *Metam.* x. 293 ff.

8. v. 45. Buoso Donati had died without making a will, whereupon his son suborned Gianni Schicchi to personate the dead man in bed, and to dictate a will in his favor. This Gianni did, inserting, however, several clauses with bequests to himself, among which was that of a favorite mare or she mule of Buoso's, reputed the best in all Tuscany.

does, who for thirst turns one toward his chin, and the other upward.

“ Oh ye, who are without any punishment, and I know not why, in this dismal world,” said he to us, “ behold and consider the misery of Master Adam. Living, I had enough of what I wished, and now, alas ! I long for a drop of water. The little brooks that from the green hills of the Casentin⁹ run down into the Arno, making their channels cool and soft, stand ever before me, and not in vain ; for their image dries me up far more than the malady whereby I strip my face of flesh. The rigid justice that scourges me draws occasion from the place where I sinned to set my sighs the more in flight. There is Romena, where I falsified the coin stamped with the Baptist,¹⁰ for which on earth I left my body burnt.” But if I could see here the miserable soul of Guido, or of Alessandro, or of their brother,¹² I would not give

9. v. 65. The district of the Casentino lies in the folds of the Apennines, at the head of the valley of the Arno.

10. v. 74. The florin which bore on the obverse the figure of John the Baptist, the patron saint of Florence, and on the reverse the lily-flower, *fiore*, from which the coin had its name, *forino*.

11. v. 75. A little village near the border of the Casentino bears the strange name of La Consuma, perpetuating the fact that here, in 1281, Master Adam was burnt alive by the Florentines, jealous for the purity of their florin.

12. v. 77. Counts of Romena.

the sight for Fonte Branda.¹³ One of them is here within already, if the raging shades who go around speak true; but what does it avail me who have my limbs bound? If I were only still so light that in a hundred years I could go one inch, I should already have set out along the path, seeking for him among this disfigured folk, although it circles round eleven miles, and has not here less than a half mile across. Because of them I am among such a family; they induced me to strike the florins which had three carats of base-metal."¹⁴ And I to him: "Who are the two poor wretches that are smoking like wet hands in winter, lying close to thy confines on the right?" "Here I found them," he answered, "when I rained down into this trough, and they have not since given a turn, and I do not believe they will give one to all eternity. One is the false woman who accused Joseph, the other is the false Sinon the Greek, from Troy:"¹⁵ because of their sharp fever they throw out such great reek."

13. v. 78. The noted fountain in Siena, or perhaps one of like name in Romena.

14. v. 90. The counterfeit coins he struck contained but twenty-one carats of gold instead of twenty-four, the legal standard.

15. v. 98. The lying Greek who persuaded the Trojans to admit the Wooden Horse into their city, and "brought Troy all utterly to sorrow." *Aeneid*, ii. 57 ff.

And one of them, who took it ill perhaps to be named so darkly, with his fist struck him on his stiff paunch ; it sounded as if it were a drum ; and Master Adam struck him on the face with his arm which did not seem less hard, saying to him : " Though moving be taken from me because of my limbs which are heavy, I have an arm free for such need." Whereon he replied : " When thou wast going to the fire thou hadst it not thus ready ; but so and more thou hadst it when thou wast coining." And he of the dropsy : " Thou sayest true of this, but thou wast not so true a witness there where thou wast questioned of the truth at Troy." " If I said false, thou didst falsify the coin," said Sinon, " and I am here for a single sin, and thou for more¹⁶ than any other demon." " Remember, perjurer, the horse," answered he who had the puffed up paunch, " and be it ill for thee that all the world knows it." " And for thee be ill the thirst wherewith thy tongue cracks," said the Greek, " and the putrid water that makes thy belly thus a hedge before thine eyes." Then the coiner : " Thy mouth gapes thus for its own harm as it is wont, for if I have thirst, and humor stuffs me, thou hast the burning, and the head that pains thee, and to lick the mirror of Narcissus thou wouldst not want many words of invitation."

16. v. 117. Each coin counting for a sin.

I was wholly fixed in listening to them, when the Master said to me : " Now only look ! for it wants but little that I quarrel with thee." When I heard him speak to me with anger, I turned me toward him with such shame that even yet it circles through my memory. And as is he who dreams of his harm, and, dreaming, desires to dream, so that he longs for that which is, as if it were not, such I became, not being able to speak ; for I desired to excuse myself, and all the while I was excusing myself, and never thought that I was doing it. " Less shame washes away a greater fault than thine has been," said the Master ; " therefore disburden thyself of all sadness, and make reckoning that I am always at thy side, if again it happen that fortune find thee where people may be in a similar wrangle ; for the wish to hear this is a base wish."

CANTO XXXI

The Giants around the Eighth Circle. — Nimrod. — Ephialtes. — Antaeus sets the Poets down in the Ninth Circle.

ONE and the same tongue first stung me, so that it tinged both my cheeks, and then supplied the medicine to me. Thus do I hear that the lance of Achilles and of his father was wont to be cause first of a sad and then of a good gift.¹

We turned our backs to the wretched valley,² up over the bank that girds it round, crossing without any speech. Here it was less than night and less than day, so that my sight went little forward ; but I heard a loud horn sound-

1. v. 6. Ovid more than once refers to the magic power of the spear which had been given to Peleus by Chiron. Shakespeare makes use of it metaphorically, precisely as Dante does, speaking of one

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the charge to kill and cure.

2 *Henry VI. v. i.*

So, too, Chaucer, in *The Squier's Tale*, 238-240.

2. v. 7. The tenth and last *bolgia*.

ing, so that it would have made every thunder faint, and this directed my eyes, following its course counter to it,³ wholly to one place.

After the dolorous rout when Charlemagne lost the holy gest, Roland sounded not so terribly.⁴ Short while I carried my head turned thitherward, when it seemed to me that I saw many high towers ; whereon I : " Master, say, what city is this ? " And he to me : " Because thou dost cross through the darkness from too far off, it happens that then thou dost err in thy imagining. Thou wilt see well, if thou drawest nigh there, how much the sense is deceived at a distance ; therefore spur thyself on somewhat more." Then he took me tenderly by the hand, and said : " Before we go further forward, in order that the fact may seem less strange to thee, know that these are not towers, but giants, and they are in the pit⁵ round about the bank, from the navel downward, one and all of them."

3. v. 14. My eyes were turned by the sound in the direction whence it came, consequently counter to it.

4. v. 18. At Roncesvalles.

" Rollanz ad mis l'olifan à sa buche,
Empeint le bien, par grant vertut le sunet.
Halt sunt li pui e la voiz est mult lunge,
Granz xxx. liwes l'oïrent-il respundre,
Charles l'oït e ses compaignes tutes."

Chanson de Roland, 1753-57.

5. v. 32. The central deep of Hell.

As when the mist is dissipating, the look little by little shapes out what the vapor that thickens the air conceals, so, as I pierced the gross and dark air, as we drew nearer and nearer to the brink, error fled from me and fear grew upon me. For as above its circular enclosure Montereccione⁶ crowns itself with towers, so with half their bodies the horrible giants, whom Jove still threatens from heaven when he thunders, betowered the bank which surrounds the pit.

And already I discerned the face of one of them, his shoulders, and his breast, and great part of his belly, and down along his sides both his arms. Nature, surely, when she left the art of such like living beings, did exceeding well to take such executioners from Mars: and though she repent not of elephants and of whales, he who looks subtly holds her therein more just and more discreet;⁷ for where the faculty of the mind is added to evil will and to power, the human race can make no defense against it. His face seemed to me long and huge as the pinecone⁸ of St. Peter at Rome, and his other bones

6. v. 41. The towers of Montereccione in ruin still crown its broken wall, and may be seen from the railroad not far from Siena, on the way to Florence.

7. v. 54. Elephants and whales, being devoid of reason, are not dangerous to mankind.

8. v. 59. This cone of gilt bronze, once the crowning

were in proportion with it ; so that the bank, which was an apron from his middle downward, showed of him fully so much above, that three Frieslanders⁹ would have made ill vaunt to reach to his hair : for I saw of him thirty great spans down from the place where one buckles his cloak.¹⁰

“ *Rafel mai amech zabi almi*,” the fierce mouth, to which sweeter psalms were not befitting, began to cry. And my Leader toward him : “ Foolish soul ! Keep to thy horn, and with that vent thyself, when anger or other passion touches thee ; seek at thy neck, and thou wilt find the cord that holds it tied, O soul confused ! and see it lying athwart thy great breast.” Then he said to me : “ He accuses himself ; this is Nimrod, because of whose evil thought one language only is not used in the world. Let us leave him alone, and not speak in vain ; for such is every language to him, as his to others which is known to no one.”

Then turning to the left, we made a longer journey, and at a crossbow-shot we found the

ornament of the Mausoleum of Hadrian, stood in Dante’s time in the fore-court of St. Peter’s, and is now in the Vatican gardens. It is about seven feet and a half high.

9. v. 64. Reputed to be tall men.

10. v. 66. That is, something more than twenty feet from his neck to his waist.

next, far more fierce and larger. Who had been the master to bind him I cannot tell; but he had his right arm shackled behind, and the other in front, by a chain which held him girt from the neck downward, so that upon his uncovered part¹¹ it was wound as far as the fifth coil. "This proud one wished to make trial of his power against the supreme Jove," said my Leader, "wherefore he has such requital. Ephialtes¹² is his name, and he made his great endeavors when the giants caused fear to the Gods: the arms which he plied he moves nevermore."

And I to him: "If it may be, I would that my eyes might have experience of the measureless Briareus."¹³ Whereon he answered: "Hard by here thou shalt see Antaeus, who speaks, and is unfettered,¹⁴ who will set us at the bottom of

11. v. 89. His body above the bank.

12. v. 94. Iphimedeia bore to Poseidon two sons, "but they were short-lived, godlike Otus and far-famed Ephialtes, whom the fruitful Earth nourished to be the tallest and much the most beautiful of mortals except renowned Orion, for at nine years old they were nine cubits in breadth, and nine fathoms tall. They even threatened the immortals, raising the din of tumultuous war on Olympus, and strove to set Ossa upon Olympus and wood-clad Pelion upon Ossa, in order to scale heaven. But Jove destroyed them both." *Odyssey*, xi. 306-317.

13. v. 98. "Immensus Briareus." Statius, *Theb.* ii. 596.

14. v. 101. Because he took no part in the war of his

all sin.¹⁵ He whom thou wishest to see is much farther on, and is bound and fashioned like this one, save that he seems more ferocious in his look."

Never was earthquake so mighty that it shook a tower as violently as Ephialtes was quick to shake himself. Then more than ever did I fear death; and for it there had been no need of more than the fright, if I had not seen his bonds.

We then proceeded further forward, and came to Antaeus, who stood full five ells, besides his head, above the rock. "O thou that, in the fateful valley which made Scipio the heir of glory, when Hannibal with his followers turned his back, didst once bring a thousand lions for booty, and who hadst thou been at the high war of thy brothers, it seems that some still believe that the sons of the Earth would have conquered, set us below (and disdain not to do so) where the cold locks up Cocytus. Make us not go to Tityus, nor to Typhon;¹⁶ this man can give of that which is longed for here;¹⁷ brethren against the Gods. What Dante tells of him is derived from Lucan, *Pharsalia*, iv. 597 sqq.

15. v. 102. He will lower us down the pit, to the ninth and lowest circle of Hell.

16. v. 124. Lucan (*Phars.* iv. 600), naming these giants, says they were less strong than Antaeus; there is subtle flattery in these words of Virgil.

17. v. 125. To be remembered on earth.

therefore stoop, and twist not thy muzzle. He can yet restore fame to thee in the world ; for he is living, and still expects long life, if Grace does not untimely call him to itself." Thus said the Master : and he in haste stretched out those hands, of which Hercules once felt the mighty grip, and took my Leader. Virgil, when he felt himself taken up, said to me : " Come hither, so that I may take thee : " then he did so that he and I were one bundle. As the Carisenda ¹⁸ seems to the view, beneath its leaning side, when a cloud is going over it so that the tower hangs counter to it, thus seemed Antaeus to me who was watching to see him stoop ; and it was a moment when I could have wished to go by another road. But lightly in the depth that swallows Lucifer with Judas he set us down ; nor, thus stooping, did he there make stay, but like the mast of a ship he raised himself.

18. v. 136. The shorter but more inclined of the two famous leaning towers at Bologna. As the cloud goes over it, the tower seems to bend to meet it.

CANTO XXXII

Ninth Circle: traitors. First ring: Caina. — Counts of Mangona. — Camicion de' Pazzi. — Second ring: Antenora. — Bocca degli Abati. — Buoso da Duera. — Count Ugolino.

IF I had rhymes both harsh and raucous, such as would befit the dismal hole on which all the other rocks thrust, I would press out more fully the juice of my conception; but since I have them not, not without fear I bring myself to speak; for to describe the bottom of the whole universe is no enterprise to take up in jest, nor for a tongue that cries *mamma* and *papa*. But may those Dames¹ aid my verse, who aided *Amphion* to enclose *Thebes*, so that the speech may not be diverse from the fact.

O ye, beyond all others, miscreated rabble, that are in the place whereof to speak is hard, better had ye here² been sheep or goats!

1. v. 10. The Muses, who endowed the lyre of *Amphion* with such power that its sound charmed the rocks to move from Mount *Cithaeron* and build themselves up for the walls of *Thebes*.

2. v. 15. On earth.

When we were down in the dark pit beneath the feet of the giant, far lower, and I was still gazing at the high wall, I heard say to me : "Take heed how thou steppest ; go so that thou trample not with thy soles the heads of thy wretched weary brothers." Whereat I turned, and saw before me, and under my feet, a lake which by reason of frost had semblance of glass and not of water.³

The Danube in Austria never made in winter so thick a veil for its current, nor the Don yonder under the cold sky, as there was here : for if Tambernich⁴ had fallen on it, or Pietrapana,⁵ it would not have given a creak even at the edge. And as the frog lies to croak with muzzle out of the water, what time⁶ the peasant woman often dreams of gleanings, so, livid up to where shame appears,⁷ were the woeful

3. v. 24. The ice in which the traitors are locked in this lowest circle of Hell is symbolic of the cold-hearted nature of their sin. The lake of ice has four concentric rings ; the first is Caina, where traitors to their kindred suffer penalty ; the second is Antenora, for traitors to their country ; the third is Ptolomea, for traitors to their friends ; the fourth is Judecca, for the worst of all sinners, traitors to their benefactors.

4. v. 28. A mountain, the locality of which is unknown.

5. v. 29. One of the Tuscan Apennines.

6. v. 32. In summer : the image of the warm days intensifies by contrast the sense of cold.

7. v. 34. Up to the face.

shades within the ice, setting their teeth to the note of the stork.⁸ Every one held his face turned downward: from the mouth the cold, and from the eyes the sad heart provides testimony of itself among them.

When I had looked round awhile, I turned to my feet, and saw two so close that they had the hair of their heads mixed together. "Tell me, ye who thus press tight your breasts," said I, "who are ye?" And they bent their necks,⁹ and after they had raised their faces to me, their eyes, which before were moist only within, gushed up through the lids, and the frost bound the tears between them, and locked them up again; clamp never girt board to board so strongly: and thereupon they, like two he-goats, butted one another, such anger overcame them.

And one who had lost both his ears by the cold, with his face still downward, said to me: "Why dost thou so mirror thyself on us? If thou wouldst know who are these two, the valley whence the Bisenzio descends belonged to their father Albert, and to them."¹⁰ They

8. v. 36. Chattering with cold as a stork clatters with its bill.

9. v. 44. Throwing them backwards.

10. v. 57. These brothers are the Counts Napoleone and Alessandro degli Alberti; one was a Ghibelline, the other a Guelph. They quarrelled over their inheritance, and each

issued from one body ; and thou mayst search all Caina, and thou wilt not find shade more worthy to be fixed in ice ; not he whose breast and shadow were broken by one self-same blow by the hand of Arthur ;¹¹ not Focaccia ;¹² not this one who so encumbers me with his head that I see no further, and who was named Sassol Mascheroni ;¹³ if thou art a Tuscan, thou now knowest well who he was. And that thou mayst not put me to more speech, know that I

seeking treacherously to kill the other, they were both slain. The Bisenzio, in the upper valley of which their possessions lay, is a little stream which, after flowing close by Prato, falls into the Arno some ten miles west below Florence.

11. v. 62. Sir Mordred, the usurping treacherous son of King Arthur. At Dover they met in arms, and Arthur smote Sir Mordred with such a thrust of his spear that, on the withdrawal of the lance, a ray of light passed through the wound. But Mordred had first drawn himself up on Arthur's spear, and dealt him a mortal blow with his sword.

12. v. 63. 'Focaccia de' Cancellieri of Pistoia, who, according to Benvenuto, enraged by a trifling offense committed by a boy, his cousin, cut off the boy's hand, and then treacherously killed the boy's father. From this crime sprang the feud of the Black and the White factions, which, after raging in Pistoia, was introduced into Florence, bringing on both cities unnumbered woes, of which Dante himself had full share. The story of Focaccia's crime is told differently by other chroniclers.

13. v. 65. Sassol Mascheroni was a Florentine of the Toschi family, who murdered his nephew for an inheritance.

was Camicion de' Pazzi,¹⁴ and I await Carlino to exculpate me."

Then I saw a thousand faces made currish¹⁵ by the cold: whence a shudder comes to me, and will always come, at frozen pools.

And while we were going toward the centre¹⁶ to which all gravity collects, and I was trembling in the eternal chill, whether it was will, or destiny, or fortune I know not, but, walking among the heads, I struck my foot hard in the face of one. Wailing he railed at me: "Why dost thou kick me? If thou dost not come to increase the vengeance of Mont' Aperti, why dost thou molest me?" And I: "My Master, now wait here for me, so that by means of this one I may free me from a doubt,"¹⁷ then thou

14. v. 68. Camicion de' Pazzi is reported to have betrayed and killed his kinsman Ubertino. The Carlino whom he awaits, and whose crime was such that his own would find excuse from its comparative triviality, was a member of the same family. In 1302 the castle of Piantravigne was held by a body of the recently exiled "Whites" of Florence, and with them was Carlino with a troop of soldiers. The castle was besieged by the "Blacks," and Carlino for a bribe opened its gates to them. Many of the chief exiles were slain, others were held for ransom.

15. v. 70. With doglike grinning, their lips being strained open and tightened by the cold.

16. v. 73. The centre of the earth.

17. v. 83. The mention of Mont' Aperti led Dante to

shalt make as much haste for me as thou wilt." The Leader stopped; and I said to that shade who was still bitterly blaspheming: "Who art thou that thus chidest another?" "Now who art thou, that goest through the Antenora,"¹⁸ he answered, "smiting the cheeks of others, so that if thou wert alive, it would be too much?" "I am alive, and it may be dear to thee," was my reply, "if thou demandest fame, that I set thy name among my other notes." And he to me: "For the contrary have I desire; take thyself hence, and give me no more trouble, for ill thou knowest to flatter on this swamp." Then I took him by the hair of the nape, and said: "It shall needs be that thou name thyself, or that not a hair remain upon thee here." Whereon he to me, "Though thou strip me of hair, I will not tell thee who I am, nor show it

suspect who the sinner was, and he desires to ascertain if his suspicion be correct, that the shade is that of Bocca degli Abati, the most infamous of Florentine traitors, who in the heat of the battle of Mont' Aperti, in 1260, cut off the hand of the standard-bearer of the cavalry, so that the standard fell, and the Guelfs of Florence, disheartened thereby, were put to rout with frightful slaughter. Never had Florence been cast down so low. See Canto x. 85-93.

18. v. 88. The second division of the ninth circle; so named after the Trojan who, though neither Homer nor Virgil give any ground for the accusation, was charged by later widely accepted tradition with having betrayed Troy.

to thee, though thou fall a thousand times upon my head."

I had already twisted his hair in my hand, and had pulled out more than one tuft, he barking, with his eyes kept close down, when another cried out: "What ails thee, Bocca? Is it not enough for thee to make a noise with thy jaws, but thou must bark too? What devil is at thee?" "Now," said I, "I do not want thee to speak, accursed traitor, for to thy shame will I carry true news of thee." "Be-gone," he answered, "and tell what thou wilt; but be not silent, if thou go forth from here within, about him who now had his tongue so ready. He is lamenting here the silver of the French: I saw, thou canst say, him of Duera,¹⁹ there where the sinners stand cold. Shouldst thou be asked who else was there, thou hast at thy side him of the Beccheria²⁰ whose gorge

19. v. 116. Buoso da Duera, of Cremona, who, being in command of a part of the Ghibelline forces in Lombardy, assembled to oppose the troops of Charles of Anjou, on their way to the conquest of the kingdom of Naples in 1265, was believed to have been bribed, so as to let them pass unmolested.

20. v. 119. Tesauro de' Beccheria, Abbot of Vallombrosa, and Papal Legate, beheaded by the Florentines in 1258, because of his treacherous dealings with the exiled Ghibellines.

Florence cut. Gianni de' Soldanier²¹ I think is farther on with Ganelon,²² and Tribaldello²³ who opened Faenza when it was sleeping."

We had now departed from him, when I saw two frozen in one hole, so that the head of one was a hood for the other. And as bread is devoured for hunger, so the upper one set his teeth upon the other where the brain joins with the nape. Not otherwise Tydeus gnawed for despite the temples of Menalippus,²⁴ than this one was doing to the skull and the other parts.

21. v. 121. A Ghibelline of Florence, who, after the defeat of Manfred in 1266, plotted against his own party.

22. v. 122. Ganelon, "the traitor who brought about the destruction of Charlemagne's rear guard at Roncesvalles, where Roland and Oliver, and the rest of the twelve peers were slain. His name, like that of Antenor of Troy and Sinon the Greek, became a byword for treachery in the Middle Ages." *Toynbee*.

"O neue Scariot, neue Genelon !
False dissimulour, O Greek Sinon !"

The Nonne Priestes Tale, 407-8.

23. v. 122. In order to avenge a grudge against some of the Ghibellines of Bologna, who, being expelled from their city, had found refuge in Faenza, Tribaldello treacherously opened the gates of the town to their enemies, who, entering, massacred many of them. This happened in 1280.

24. v. 130. Tydeus, one of the Seven Kings against Thebes, mortally wounded by Menalippus, slew his adversary, and then gnawed his cut-off head. Statius, *Thebaid*, viii. 740-63.

“O thou that by so bestial a sign showest hatred against him whom thou art eating, tell me the wherefore,” said I, “with this compact, that if thou with reason complainest of him, I, knowing who ye are, and his sin, may yet make thee quits with him in the world above, if that with which I speak be not dried up.”

CANTO XXXIII

Ninth circle : traitors. Second ring : Antenora. — Count Ugolino. — Third ring : Ptolomea. — Brother Alberigo. — Branca d' Oria. .

FROM his savage repast that sinner raised his mouth, wiping it with the hair of the head that he had spoiled behind : then he began : “Thou wishest that I should renew a desperate grief which oppresses my heart already only in thinking, ere I speak of it. But, if my words are to be seed that may bear fruit of infamy for the traitor whom I gnaw, thou shalt see me speak and weep together. I know not who thou art, nor by what mode thou art come down here, but Florentine thou seemest to me truly when I hear thee. Thou hast to know that I was Count Ugolino and this one the Archbishop Ruggieri.’ Now I will tell thee why I am such

I. v. 14. Ugolino della Gherardesca, Count of Donoratico, was for many years the most powerful citizen of Pisa, during a period of bitter calamities, and of strife at home and war abroad. In 1285 he was elected Podestà of Pisa for ten years, and, whether willingly or unwillingly is not known, he

a neighbor. That, by the effect of his evil thoughts, I, trusting to him, was taken and then put to death, there is no need to tell; but what thou canst not have heard, that is, how cruel my death was, thou shalt hear, and shalt know if he has wronged me.

“A narrow slit in the mew, which from me has the title of Hunger, and in which others must yet be shut up, had already shown me through its opening many moons, when I had the bad dream which rent for me the veil of the future.

“This one appeared to me master and lord, permitted his ambitious grandson, Nino dei Visconti, the “noble Judge Nino,” whom Dante greets in the Valley of the Princes (*Purgatory*, viii. 53), to share in the rule of the city. Discord soon broke out between the old and the young man; each had his partisans; there was tumult and bloodshed in the city, and the Guef party was rent by this division between their leaders. The Ghibellines saw their opportunity. Their chief, the Archbishop Ruggieri degli Ubaldini, pretending friendship with Count Ugolino, joined forces with him to expel his grandson with his followers. The strength of the Guefs in the city being thus weakened, the Archbishop turned against the Count. There was a great fight in the streets which ended in the defeat of the Guefs; the Count and two of his sons and two of his grandsons were taken prisoners, and were shut up in the tower of the Guaiandi alle Sette Vie. This was in July, 1288. In the succeeding March the keys of the tower were thrown into the Arno, and the prisoners were starved to death.

chasing the wolf and his whelps upon the mountain ² because of which the Pisans cannot see Lucca. With lean, eager, and trained hounds, he had put before him at the front Gualandi with Sismondi and with Lanfranchi.³ After short course, the father and his sons seemed to me weary, and it seemed to me I saw their flanks ripped by the sharp fangs.

“ When I awoke before the morrow, I heard my sons, who were with me, wailing in their sleep, and asking for bread. Truly thou art cruel if already thou dost not grieve, at thought of that which my heart was foreboding : and if thou dost not weep, at what art thou wont to weep ? They were now awake, and the hour was drawing near at which food used to be brought to us, and because of his dream each one was apprehensive. And I heard the door below of the horrible tower being nailed up ; whereat I looked on the faces of my sons without saying a word. I did not weep, I was so turned to stone within. They were weeping ; and my poor little Anselm said, ‘ Thou lookest so, father, what ails thee ? ’ I shed no tear for that ; nor did I answer all that day, nor the night after, until the next sun came forth upon the

2. v. 29. Monte San Giuliano ; Lucca is about fourteen miles northeast of Pisa.

3. v. 32. Three of the chief Ghibelline families of Pisa.

world. When a little ray made its way into the woeful prison, and I discerned by their four faces my own very aspect, I bit both my hands for woe; and they, thinking I did it through desire of eating, of a sudden raised themselves up, and said: 'Father, it will be far less pain to us if thou eat of us; thou didst clothe us with this wretched flesh, and do thou strip it off.' I quieted me then, not to make them more sad: that day and the next we all stayed dumb. Ah, thou hard earth! why didst thou not open? After we had come to the fourth day, Gaddo threw himself stretched out at my feet, saying: 'My father, why dost thou not help me?' Here he died: and, even as thou seest me, I saw the three fall one by one between the fifth day and the sixth; then I betook me, already blind, to groping over each, and for two days I called them after they were dead: then fasting was more powerful than woe."

When he had said this, with his eyes twisted, he seized again the wretched skull with his teeth, that were strong as a dog's upon the bone.

Ah Pisa! reproach of the people of the fair country where the *sì* doth sound,⁴ since thy

4. v. 80. Italy, whose language Dante calls *il volgare di sì*, the common tongue in which *sì* is the word for yes. (*Convito*, i. 10.) In his *De vulgari Eloquentia*, i. 8, Dante classifies the languages of Europe by their words of affirmation.

neighbors are slow to punish thee, let Caprara and Gorgona⁵ move and make a hedge for Arno at its mouth, so that it may drown every person in thee: for even if Count Ugolino had repute of having betrayed thee in thy strongholds, thou oughtest not to have set his sons on such a cross. Their young age, thou modern Thebes, made Uguccione and Il Brigata⁶ innocent, and the other two that my song names above.

We passed onward to where the ice roughly enswathes another folk, not turned downward, but all reversed.⁷ The very weeping allows not weeping there, and the grief, which finds a barrier on the eyes, turns inward to increase the anguish; for the first tears form a block, and like a visor of crystal fill all the cup beneath the eyebrow.

And although, as in a callus, all feeling, because of the cold, had ceased to abide in my face, it now seemed to me I felt some wind, wherefore I: "My Master, who moves this?

5. v. 82. Two little islands not far from the mouth of the Arno, on whose banks Pisa lies.

6. v. 89. Uguccione was a son, and Il Brigata a grandson of Count Ugolino; they were in fact grown men.

7. v. 93. With faces upturned, so that the tears freeze in their eyes.

Is not every vapor⁸ quenched here below?" Whereon he to me, "Speedily shalt thou be where thine eye, beholding the cause that rains down the blast, shall make answer to thee of this."

And one of the wretches of the cold crust cried out to us: "O souls so cruel that the last station has been given to you, lift from my eyes the hard veils, so that, before the weeping re-congeal, I may vent a little the woe which swells my heart." Wherefore I to him: "If thou wishest that I succor thee, tell me who thou art, and if I relieve thee not, may I have to go to the bottom of the ice."⁹ He replied then: "I am friar Alberigo;¹⁰ I am he of the fruits of the bad garden, who here get back a date for a fig."¹¹ "Oh!" said I to him, "art thou

8. v. 105. Wind being supposed to be caused by the action of the sun on the vapors of the atmosphere.

9. v. 117. Misleading words, with their double meaning.

10. v. 118. Alberigo de' Manfredi, of Faenza; one of the Jovial Friars (see Canto xxiii. 103). Having received a blow from his younger brother Manfred, he pretended to forgive it, and invited him and his son to a feast. Toward the end of the meal he gave a preconcerted signal by calling out: "Bring the fruit," upon which his emissaries rushed in and killed the two guests. This was in 1285. The "bad fruit of Brother Alberigo" became a proverb.

11. v. 120. Am paid with overplus for my sin; a fig

then dead already?" And he to me, "How my body may fare in the world above I have no knowledge. Such vantage hath this Ptolema¹² that oftentimes the soul falls down here before Atropos has given motion to it.¹³ And that thou mayst the more willingly scrape the glassy tears from my face, know that soon as the soul betrays, as I did, its body is taken from it by a demon, who thereafter governs it until its time be all revolved. It falls headlong into such cistern as this, and perhaps the body of the shade that is wintering here behind me still appears above. Thou shouldst know him if thou comest down but now; he is Ser Branca d' Oria,¹⁴ and many years have passed since he is the cheapest of Tuscan fruits; the imported date is more costly.

12. v. 124. The third ring of ice, named for that Ptolemy, Captain of Jericho, who, having invited them to a banquet, treacherously slew his father-in-law, the high-priest Simon, and his two sons (1 *Maccabees* xvi. 11-16).

13. v. 126. That is, before Atropos has cut the thread of its life on earth. This conception may have been suggested by *Psalm* lv. 15, where the Psalmist, complaining of friend turning against friend, says, "Let death seize upon them, and let them go down quick (*viventes*) into hell." Such traitors as friar Alberigo, having broken not only the bond which nature makes between man and man, but also the bond of love and trust in kinship (see Canto xi. 52-63), have no longer part with mankind; their abode is Hell.

14. v. 137. A member of the famous Genoese house

was thus shut up." "I believe," said I to him, "that thou art deceiving me; for Branca d' Oria is not yet dead, and he eats, and drinks, and sleeps, and puts on clothes." "In the ditch of the Malebranche above," he said, "there where the sticky pitch is boiling, Michel Zanche¹⁵ had not yet arrived, when this one left a devil in his stead in his own body, and in that of one of his next kin, who committed the treachery together with him. But now stretch hither thy hand; open my eyes for me." And I did not open them for him, and to be churlish to him was courtesy.¹⁶

Ah Genoese! men strange to all morality

of Doria; murderer, in or about 1290, of his father-in-law, Michel Zanche, Governor of Logodoro, in Sardinia. The date of the death of Branca d' Oria is not known.

15. v. 144. Already heard of in the fifth *bolgia* (Canto xxii. 88). |

16. v. 150. "Courtesy and propriety of behavior (*onestade*) are one and the same thing," says Dante in the *Convito*, ii. 11, 60. Men who by their own act have broken the bond of human relationship deserve no regard.

Pity or compassion may be rightly felt, according to St. Thomas Aquinas, for sinners still on earth, for they may yet repent and turn from sin. But in the future life there is no repentance. The punishment of the sinner is the evidence of the justice of God; there can be no pity for him; charity cannot wish the damned to be less wretched, for this would be to call in question the Divine justice. *S. T. Suppl.* xciv. 2.

and full of all corruption, why are ye not scattered from the world? For with the worst spirit of Romagna ¹⁷ I found one of you, such that for his deeds he is already in soul bathed in Cocytus, and in body he appears still alive on earth.

17. v. 154. That is, with Friar Alberigo.

CANTO XXXIV

Ninth Circle : traitors. Fourth ring : Judecca. — Lucifer. — Judas, Brutus and Cassius. — Centre of the universe. — Passage from Hell. — Ascent to the surface of the Southern Hemisphere.

“*Vexilla regis prodeunt inferni*”¹ toward us ; therefore look forward,” said my Master ; “see if thou discern him.” As when a thick fog breathes, or when our hemisphere darkens to night, a mill which the wind is turning seems from afar, such a structure it seemed to me that I then saw.

Then, because of the wind, I drew me behind my Leader ; for no other shelter was there. I was now (and with fear I put it into verse), there² where the shades were wholly covered, and showed through like a straw in glass.

1. v. 1. “The banners of the King of Hell advance.” *Vexilla Regis prodeunt* are the first words of a hymn in honor of the Cross, sung at vespers on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross and also on Monday of Holy Week.

2. v. 11. In the fourth, innermost ring of ice of the ninth circle, — the Judecca.

Some are lying down ; some are upright, this one with his head, and that with his soles uppermost ; another, like a bow, bends his face to his feet.

When we had gone so far forward that it pleased my Master to show me the creature which had the fair semblance, he took himself from before me and made me stop, saying : " Lo Dis ! and lo the place where it is needful that thou arm thyself with fortitude ! " How frozen and faint I then became, ask it not, Reader, for I do not write it, because all speech would be little. I did not die, and did not remain alive : think now for thyself, if thou hast a grain of wit, what I became, deprived of one and the other.³

The emperor of the woeful realm issued forth from the ice from the middle of his breast ; and I compare better with a giant, than the giants do with his arms. See now how great must be that whole which is conformed to such a part. If he was as fair as he now is foul, and lifted up his brows against his Maker, well should all tribulation proceed from him. Oh how great a marvel it seemed to me, when I saw three faces on his head ! one in front, and that was crimson ; the others were two, which were adjoined to this above the very middle of each

3. v. 27. Deprived alike of death and of life.

shoulder, and they were joined up to the place of the crest; and the right seemed between white and yellow, the left was such in appearance as those who come from there whence the Nile descends.⁴ Beneath each came forth two great wings, of size befitting so great a bird; sails of the sea I never saw such. They had no feathers, but their fashion was of a bat; and he was flapping them so that three winds were proceeding from him, whereby Cocytus was all congealed. With six eyes he was weeping, and over three chins were trickling the tears and bloody drivel. At each mouth he was crushing a sinner with his teeth, in manner of a heckle, so that he thus was making three of them woeful. To the one in front the biting was nothing to the clawing, whereby sometimes his back remained all stripped of the skin.

“That soul up there which has the greatest punishment,” said the Master, “is Judas Iscariot, who has his head within, and plies his legs outside. Of the other two who have their heads downwards, he who hangs from the black

4. v. 45. The three faces exhibit the devilish counterpart of the attributes of the three persons of the Godhead, Impotence, Ignorance, and Hate as opposed to Power, Wisdom, and Love (see Canto iii. 5, 6); Impotence scarlet with rage, Ignorance black with its own darkness, Hate pale yellow with jealousy and envy.

muzzle is Brutus ; see how he writhes and says not a word ; and the other is Cassius, who seems so large-limbed.⁵ But the night is rising again ; and now we must depart, for we have seen the whole.”

As was his pleasure, I clasped his neck, and he took advantage of time and place, and when the wings were wide opened he caught hold on the shaggy flanks ; down from shag to shag he then descended between the matted hair and the frozen crusts. When we were where the thigh turns just on the thick of the haunch, my Leader, with effort and stress of breath, turned his head to where he had had his shanks, and grappled to the hair like one who mounts, so that I believed we were returning again to hell.

“Cling fast hold,” said the Master, panting like one weary, “for by such stairs must we depart from so great evil.” Then he came forth through the cleft of a rock, and placed me upon

5. v. 67. Judas, Brutus and Cassius are the worst of traitors, having not only betrayed their benefactors, but also, in doing so, having done violence to the divinely ordered scheme for the well-being of mankind. Christ, betrayed by Judas, was the head of the Church, the supreme spiritual authority. Caesar, betrayed by Brutus and Cassius, was regarded by Dante as the founder of the Empire, the supreme authority in temporal affairs. Church and Empire were in Dante’s scheme equally divine institutions for the government of the world.

its edge to sit ; then stretched toward me his cautious step.

I raised my eyes, and thought to see Lucifer as I had left him, and I saw him holding his legs upward ; and if I then became perplexed, let the dull folk suppose it, who see not what that point is which I had passed.⁶

“ Rise up on foot,” said the Master ; “ the way is long and the road is difficult, and already the sun returns to mid-tierce.”⁷

It was no hallway of a palace where we were, but a natural dungeon which had a bad floor, and lack of light. “ Before I tear myself from the Abyss,” said I when I had risen up, “ my

6. v. 93. This point is the centre of the universe ; when Virgil had turned upon the haunch of Lucifer, the passage had been made from one hemisphere of the earth — the inhabited and known hemisphere — to the other where no living men dwell, and where the only land is the mountain of Purgatory. In changing one hemisphere for the other there is a change of time of twelve hours, from about sunset to about sunrise. A second Saturday morning begins for the poets, and they pass nearly as long a time as they have been in Hell, that is, twenty-four hours, in traversing the long and hard way that leads to the surface of the hemisphere into which they have just entered.

7. v. 96. Tierce is the name given to the first three hours after sunrise. Mid-tierce consequently at the equinox is about half-past seven o'clock. In Hell Dante never mentions the sun to mark division of time, but now, having issued from Hell, Virgil marks the hour by a reference to the sun.

Master, talk a little with me to draw me out of error. Where is the ice? and this one, how is he fixed thus upside down? and how in such short while has the sun made transit from evening to morning?" And he to me: "Thou imaginest that thou still art on the other side of the centre, where I laid hold on the hair of the wicked Worm that pierces the world. On that side thou wast so long as I descended; when I turned, thou didst pass the point to which from every part all weighty things are drawn;⁸ and thou art now arrived beneath the hemisphere which is opposite to that which the great dry land covers, and beneath whose zenith the Man was slain who was born and lived without sin: thou hast thy feet upon a little circle⁹ which forms the other face of the Judecca. Here it is morning when it is evening there; and this one who made a ladder for us with his hair is still fixed even as he was before. On this side he fell down from heaven, and the earth, which before was spread out on this side,

8. v. 111. The central point of the Universe, to which all matter tends by its gravity.

9. v. 116. Literally, "upon a little sphere," but "sphere" is a rhyme word, and the meaning seems to be, Thou art now standing on a little circular space of rock, which forms the other face of the Judecca, the upper or the under side, according to whether it is viewed from the southern or the northern hemisphere.

through fear of him made of the sea a veil, and came to our hemisphere; and perhaps to fly from him that land which appears on this side left here this vacant space and ran back upward."¹⁰

A place is there below, stretching as far from Beelzebub as his tomb extends,¹¹ which is not known by sight, but by the sound of a rivulet which descends here along the hollow of a rock that it has gnawed with its winding and gently sloping course.¹² My Leader and I entered by that hidden road, to return into the bright world; and without care to have any repose, we mounted up, he first and I second, so far

10. v. 126. Dante's conception appears to be, that at the Creation the Southern hemisphere of the Earth was occupied by the dry land, while the Northern was a hemisphere of waters, and that, at the fall of Lucifer on the Southern hemisphere, the land recoiled in horror to the Northern, forcing the waters of the latter to fill the place which it left void. At the same moment the interior of the globe into which Lucifer was hurled fled from him, and rising, amid the waters of the Southern hemisphere, formed the solitary Mount of Purgatory, which bore the Earthly Paradise on its summit.

11. v. 128. Hell is his tomb; this vacant dark passage through the opposite hemisphere is, of course, of the same depth as Hell from surface to centre.

12. v. 132. Literally, "with the course which it winds and little slopes." It is the streamlet of sin from Purgatory which finds its way back to Satan.

that through a round opening I saw some of the beautiful things which Heaven bears, and thence we issued forth again to see the stars.¹³

13. v. 139. Each of the divisions of the poem ends with the words — “the stars.”

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